Many Moods in Many Metres

Thomas Greene.

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MANY MOODS IN MANY METRES.

MANY MOODS

IN

MANY METRES.

Poems

BY

THOMAS GREENE, LL.D., DUB. UNIV.

"Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."—TENNYSON.

"God created man."—GEN. i. 27.

And yet there was no "Man" till Pilate said, "Behold the Man."—JOHN xix. 5.

"Quit you like men" (The Man).—1 COR. xvi. 13.

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It is in accordance with his expressed wish that these Poems by the late Thomas Greene are now published.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Nutman. A Sketch at Hallow-Eve	1
Hope	13
To my Daughter	23
The Garden of Love	26
Christmas Bells	30
True	32
Together	36
Light	40
Her Grave	41
In the Sweat of Thy Face	42
Lazarus	44
Blessed	45
Perfect Rest	46
This is the Lord's Doing	47
The Wizard Earl. A Legend of Kilkea Castle	49
Clontycoe—A Ballade	54
Inchiquin Lake at Daybreak	56
Edendale Lake, Ennis	58
Burren Crags, Co. Clare	59
Galway Bay	60
Lymore, Montgomeryshire	62
At a "Drawingroom" in Dublin Castle	65
Carlow New Masonic Hall	66
Gerald Duke of Leinster	68
Gerald Duke of Leinster.—Hermione Duchess of Leinster	70

PAGE

The Nest under the Cathedral Doorway 72
The Tomb and the Rose 74
Nights in June 75
Rapture 75
Leaf-hid Pipings 76
I Clasp thy Delicate Form 77
Hope 78
Child of a Day 79
A Villanelle 80
The Tiny Rose 81
Horace, Ode III., xviii. 82
Horace, Ode I., xxxviii. 84

Mayday Song 85
Maydays and Maydays 86
A Mayday Petition 87

Christmas Wishes 90
Birthday Wish 90
Fate 91
Semper 93
Ever with Thee 94
A Sketch 95
Repentant 98
The Beacon 100
To Wish Thee Well 102
'Tis not Thy Features 103
Not for Thy Glance 104
No, not for Thine Eye 105
My Humour's but a Sad One 105
Good Night 106
Omens 107

My Bird—My Love 109
Eyes 111

PAGE

Bright like the Diamond 112
Carte de Visite 113
The Fault is Thine 114
Too Hard Thou Art 115
Only a Sorrel Plant 116

Withered Leaves 117
Lying Eyes 118
Cruel Eyes 119
Folle Farine 120
A Coquette 121
To a Coquette 122
A Year Ago 122

Lightly Curved 123
Fair, Fair 124
Cold is the North 125
A Valentine 125
Perhaps You are Right 126
The Poet Laureate 126

The Wordless Song 127
Prince Waldemar of Prussia 129
The Colours of the 24th Regiment at Isandula, 1879 . 130
Lord Hamlet 131
John Creighton 132
Murt McMahon, R.I.P. 133
Dark and Dawn 134
Sympathy 135
Easter 136

Rosanna Lee 139
Angels 140
Shy and Sensitive 141
Bide a Wee 142

PAGE

Summer's Secrets 143
The Thrush 146
Song of the Sea-pine 147
The Desert Rose 149
Merit 150
Wind 151
A Camp Fire 152
A Mountain Stream 154
Edelweiss.—Changeless Purity 156
Wind Wails 157

My Queen 158
Her Presence 159
Love's First Kiss 161
Nothing to Me 163
Unheeded 164

Liberty—Fraternity—Equality 166
Faith, Hope, and Charity 170
Faith, Hope, and Charity 172
Knowledge 174
With Eyelids Closed—Rest. With Open Eyes—Unrest . 175
My Hope 176
Life's Labour-lights 177
Was, and To Be 179
Longing 180

Widowhood 183
Old Age 184
Last Year's Nest 185
Clouds are Low 188
The New Year 189
Evening 191
With a Crew of Three 192
Billows 195
Resurgam 196

THE NUTMAN.

A SKETCH AT HALLOW-EVE.

NEAR to the end of the busy street patiently waited the nutman,
Neatly arranged on a street-stall his nuts lay heaped in profusion,
Severed at last and gathered in full perfection and ripeness;
He too, like to the growths now stripped and reft of their fruitage,
Once had wafted laughter and songs of joy to the heavens
As, thro' the gates of Spring, they had set free the larks from their bosom;
He too, as they mid the green and the flowers and perfume of Summer,
Once had given no sign to forewarn of the bareness Autumnal:
Old at last and feeble now little he heeded the passers,
But in an absent monotonous way repeatedly shouted
"Nuts, nuts, filberts and common nuts, buy my nuts foreign and homegrown."

Like a neglected garden, at rest or away in a far land
Hands that had willingly tended it, eyes that had beamed on its neatness,
No sign bore of love that loveth to tend the beloved,
Signs that lighten the step and sweeten the work of the workers,
Joy reserved for the poor, and unknown to the rich in its fulness.
All but his neat white apron his clothes were worn and unmended,
Save where and here and there a few ineffectual stitches
Caught the eye and betrayed his own ungainly endeavours.
Time with tireless feet o'er his countenance hither and thither,
Slowly indeed but surely, had trodden at last into furrows
Once scarce visible traces of paths then newly adopted.
Like unto waves when they ravage on cliffs of seeming security
Prosperous patches of cornland, over whose yellow abundance
Ripple on ripple succeeded each other, the gleam and the glimmer,
Softly elastic responses to delicate passing wind touches,
Year upon year beating ceaselessly over the rock of his being

Wore and washed away from its summit the beautiful tresses,
Save where bleached to whiteness still were some lower ones clinging
That even yet retained some hints of their passed away beauty.
But in his volume of years his life was not wholly included,
For up and down interleaved was many a tear-spattered record,
Each one bearing a tale of partings or hopes that had faded.

Standing within the wash of their waters, yet safe from their currents,
Streams of life flowed past him bearing along on their surface
Flowers and weeds of various soils, and mingling among them
Here and there might be seen a tender and beautiful blossom
Whirled and tossed by the eddies and stained with the muddy impureness.
Some there are labour and live by collecting bouquets discarded,
Freshening the haggard flowers and cleansing the delicate petals,
If the ephemeral growths are so gently recovered wherein are

Human flowers less worth our loving attention, forget we
How that all flowers are frail and how soon we may need the same service.
Who is there leaves unregained the jewel that falls in the gutter,
Are human jewels less worth the trouble of finding and cleansing
Nor to be prized even more when they shine again in the casket.
But unto questioning buyers alone he yielded attention,
Till something reaching his ear his countenance seemed to awaken.

As on a hedge flits onward a flock of chirruping titmice,
Hinder ones passing forward, eager to join in the clamour,
Noisily comes along an irregular clatter of footsteps,
Merrily comes along a chorus of musical laughter,
Busily comes along an earnest competing of voices,
Till all at once perceiving th' enticing stores of the nutman
Eager eyes are glistening as dew glistens only at morning;
And now a crowd of faces turning full to the nutman
Quickly the old man yields to the children's meekly pressed bargain,

Quickly with one hand scoops up adroitly the measure
agreed on,
Grasps and retains with the other a heaping super-
abundant
Then, with hands outstretched as he silently seeks a
recipient,
Forward steps a maiden with apron spread to receive it.

* * * *

Why does the ear expect in vain the noise of their
falling,
Why does the old man pause as if he were smit to a
statue,
Why is his gaze so earnestly fixed on the eyes of the
maiden,
Why does his face present an eager yet terrified
aspect;
Vain 'twere to seek to follow thro' cavernous gloom
and thro' sunlight
Rushing tumbling torrents of feeling that flowed thro'
his being,
Loving and losing is only known to the lover and
loser;
Yet can I here and there catch sight of their shimmer-
ing surface,
Yet can I follow the track of his thoughts as a dog
on a trailing,
Off it and off it again but still in a constant direction.

As when a pigeon is roughly, rudely, uneasily carried
Wearily over a way surpassingly sloping and rugged
Far away from its mates and the usual place of its nesting,
When at last freed from the limiting bounds of its wearisome prison,
Instantly, far from all earthly clog and impediment soaring
Into the upward ethereal, it flies direct to its dovecot:
Thus did his memory, loosed for a moment from bonds of misfortune,
High over many a rugged steep that had seemed insurmountable,
High over many a deep morass that had seemed so impassable,
As he had followed alone the track of his life to its ending,
Backward and high over many long years of gloom and of sorrow
Pass to a far off hillside cottage and rest on its threshold.

Peacefully closed the lids of night on a day in the Summer
Falling to gentle slumber calm and still and impressive;
Even the whispering leaves of the quivering aspen were silent,
Scarlet patches of sunlight on wood and on hill and on castle,

Liv'ried retainers straggling behind the gorgeous procession,
One by one disappeared as they lazily followed the pageant
Lately passed behind the slope of the hill to the westward.
Slowly up from the east spread a star-spangled curtain of opal,
Heaven and Earth seemed closer drawn no cloud intervening.
Healthy and lusty in manhood, the work of the day being ended,
Without the door of the cottage he sat on a bench, and beside him,
Like as a hare at dawn when it creeps to its form and is quiet,
Glided one that was frailer and nestled her head on his bosom,
One softly clinging but sweetly perceptible mantle of pleasure
Seemed to envelope them both in luxurious foldings and doublings,
Thrills of joy seemed to flit from soul to soul unimpeded,
As when disbodied spirits commune in impalpable ether
Loosed from the mortal clog of words and of articulations,
Throbs of their hearts like strokes on the tenser chords of their being

Mingled their muffled vibrations in concords of pleasing harmonics.
Like unto soft-feathered birds winging silently homeward at nightfall,
Oft and oft thro' the stillness sounds inoffensive were floating,
Peaceful as happy unfevered lispings of innocent childhood ;
Hearty laughter of youths, and the lighter laugh of the maidens,
Ill-timed crow of a cock indiscreet in his pride and his prowess,
Lowing of sweet-breathed kine as they answer from farmyard to farmyard,
Soothing song of the milkers in time to the plash in the milk-pail,
Click now and then of a cartwheel where on the road that lay townward
Homeward late from the market returns an industrious matron,
Solemn recording of time like the words of a patriarch's blessing.
Soon other sounds have caught and hold their smiling attention,
Up from the shaded path that leads from the school in the village
Well-known bird-like voices that vie in recounting of wonders
Herald the nearer approach of feet that busily patter,

Patter and voices join in a promise prophetic that fails not,
Soon are standing before them, like to three blooms of a primrose
Each of a different height, their beautiful yellow-haired children,
Forward steps the eldest with apron held at the corners
Heaped with a wealth of wild flower sweet-savoured off'rings of child-love.

* * * *

Still was the look of the nutman fixed on the eyes of the maiden,
Till at last bending his gaze to her empty and out-spreading apron,
Starting, he quickly let fall the nuts and they dropped with a clatter,
Quickly the maiden, meek and abashed, flit away to her comrades,
Long and deep was the shivering sigh that was drawn by the old man,
Stern was the shudder that shook him down to his being's foundations;
Then having stood for a moment with eyes strained sightlessly forward,
Teeth close set, and lips as if in an agony parted,
Raising his face he looked beyond the heads of the people,

Past the irregular angles and lines of the roofs and the gables,
Past the clouds that were racing over the plains of the heavens,
Farther and farther away thro' the still clear space intervening,
Till his wistful gaze meeting the stars it paused in their presence ;
Lights that are placed by loving hands in the windows of heaven
Signalling down thro' the distance the knowledge and sweet consolation
That those passed from our sight o'er the dim and uncertain horiz'n of
Time have ended their voyage and entered the haven in safety,
Welcoming beacons encouraging, calling upon us to follow,
Faithfully pointing the way thro' the blinding and buffeting billows
Straight to the shores of the promised land flowing with milk and with honey.

And as he gazed with the absent aspect of one that was dazed his
Thoughts divorced from the earth seemed to wander in spaces celestial,
And tho' his soul was still overlaid and clogged with the carnal

Clay of mortality, yet there did seem to reach him at times a
Ray from the glory eternal, or strain from the choir of the angels
Where there did mingle a voice he did recognise, for, like a meteor,
Often would lighten and gleam an indescribable something
Over the withered features, the unwashed face of the old man;
As when sometimes is seen at the rusty grate of a prison
Childlike faces that awe and perplex with their innocent beauty,
Or on a rainy day of gloom the sun ere his setting
Faintly sheddeth a sad sweet smile aslant on the landscape.

Thus did he stand with earnest eyes turned upward intently,
Till, like uncouth beings of gloom intruding their presence,
Clumsy distorted clouds intercepted the view of the heavens,
Unseen demons of winter howled and hissed at the corners,
And, as if taunting the crowd with their coming reign and their power
Rudely shouldered and pushed and elbowed their way thro' the people,

Splashing great drops of rain full into the eyes of the passers
As they moodily stooped to the blast and turned away homeward ;
And like tortured spirits each in a separate prison,
Flickering flames in the gas-lamps quivered and writhed and contorted.

Shiv'ring with cold the lonely wind-tossed comfortless old man
Slowly gathered together his nuts with a spiritless motion.
"Sad" thought I, "is the lot of the poor when sorrow is added,
Need we wonder that now and then some are found heedless and reckless ;
Now will I seek to prop the temple walls of his spirit,
Speaking of hope, and meek resignation, and counselling patience ;"
Yet did I listen and speak not, for, as I nearer approached him,
These were the words, half whispered, he spoke among others I heard not,
"Father, I thank thee for all thy tender and plentiful mercies,
Most of all that they are safe, at rest in thy bosom,
Far removed and for ever from sin and sorrowful changes."

Long did I gaze where his form was lost in the rain
and the darkness,
Many a day did I think on the poor and afflicted old
nutman,
Many a time did I covet his patience and true
resignation.

HOPE.

THE sun like a jewelled King did stand
Far high
In the mid sky
And look on the world
As a King might look on his happy land
Alas, how soon is his glory furled
How soon a King will die
And lie in the dust
As he surely must,
Not power left him to command
One tributary sigh.

A dimness of decreasing light
A silence as of coming night
Oppressed my hearing and my sight
With struggling gaze
Thro' the sullen haze

I strove to pierce one glance
So longed I once again to trace
The beauties of Earth's form and face
Now stilled in deathlike trance.

I strove in vain
For 'neath the blackness of the sky
All limitless there seemed to lie
A snow-white plain
Its whiteness made the darkness none the less.
The darkness turned its white to ghastliness
The angel with the sable wing
Stooping its mouth and eyes to press
With kiss of stiffening iciness
Around the world did seem to fling
A shadow cloak of doom
An awful and a hideous thing
To touch enfold and hide away
With scarce a warning
Fair Earth's adorning
Decked as a bride on her bridal day
Its decking crushed
Its sweet songs hushed
The beauteous world lay far below
A dreary endlessness of snow.

Alas, I said
The world is dead

It lies within a tomb
As if of marble white
Whiter in duller light
Of winter's gloom
Like marble too
'Twas cold I knew
For a shuddering breath of wintry air
Rose and set on my forehead bare
With treachery fraught
A kiss that sought
To wed me for aye to cold despair
'Twas such a kiss as might be sent
From monument to monument
Pledge of a mutual discontent
When cold enough for stones to live
On a frosty night
The moon's sad light
With that weird life that moonbeams give
Doth wake each drowsy silent stone
Each other's presence to own
And feel that it is not quite alone.

The world is dead
I said
So let me die
Without a sigh
Dead on the dead world let me lie
But soon I wept

For oft from out the ground
A murmur as of distant sound
Throughout my being crept
It seemed to me to have its birth
About the centre of the Earth
And then in murmurs to disperse
Thro' all the boundless universe
And like a whispered watchword sent
Laden with some deep intent
Murmured on without cessation
On from soul to soul it passed
Thro' all life until at last
It reached the outposts of creation
So hidden was its import kept
I knew not guessed not what it meant
And so I wept.

Then moments came when fainter grew
The sense of all surrounding things
That life and conscious being brings
E'en sense of being almost left me too
And on my burning brow
The cooling hand of death
Seemed kindly pressed
And now
Fanning away life's fever with cool breath
He soothes me sweetly almost into rest
But ever then a martial strain
Woke me into life again

With such an ardor stirring note
As warblown bugles set afloat
When over battle din and cry
They sound the charge to victory
Ah me I said
I am not dead
I cannot die
Thou cruel sound
Thus half unconscious must I ever lie
On the dead ground.

How long I lay I cannot tell
I only know there came a time
When tones upon my senses fell
Like the rippling rhyme
Of a sabbath chime
As it falls like a soothing balm
On the seaman's roughened soul
As his ship in the sleepy calm
With lessening lessening roll
When scarce beyond the land-bird's flight
Is lulled to slumber on the lap of night
Sometimes clearer
Fainter sweeter solemn sounds
Soil of Earth and sin supplanting
As when monks in cloisters chanting
Walk their rounds
Sometimes nearer
Louder stronger fuller swelling

As if rioting rebelling
Passing bounds.

Ah surely sounds like these I said
Speak not to a world that's dead
That chiming tells
Of human hearts and human hopes
Of human hands that pull the ropes
That swing those chiming bells
Ah me I said
I am not dead
And tho' I do not care to live
I do not care to die
I know not why
Unless it be those chiming bells
With power as of fairy spells
New nameless longings give.

Mine eyes are sealed
My heart is sealed
I hesitate
The seal from off my heart to take
T'unseal mine eyes and be awake
For doubly deep were my despair
If but a dead world still were there
For then of hope and death bereft
And nought but shadeful half life left
Too dreadful were my fate.

* * * *

But as I paused
That first mysterious murmured sound
As if 'twere caused
By icebound torrents late set free
By ceaseless roar of distant sea
By earnest hum of swarming bees
By wind-stirred leaves of forest trees
Above below within around
Seemed now in all things to abound
And swelling to impatient roar
Grows more urgent
Like insurgent
Storm waves on a rugged shore
Or like sad wind that o'er a lonely plain
Moans mournful long low sighs of wo and pain
Till with a fuller grief a deeper sigh
It swiftly rising rushes by
With wild weird wailing cry
And finding no relief
From goading grief
Fills all the midnight air
With screams of pain
And sobs of rain
And chaos of despair
Or like the rush of forest fire
The half devoured trees among
As nearer wider nearer higher
It darteth out its hungry tongue
And glareth with insatiate eyes

And crackleth with its crashing jaws
Without relent without a pause
But unlike fire
Or wave or wind
No fear did it inspire
But ever louder did oppress
My doubting undiscerning mind
With sense of overwhelmingness
Till not as heretofore
Nor form nor meaning clear it bore
But now as sweetly on mine ear
Its accents fall distinct and clear
Rich meanings fresh and fresh appear
In those mysterious sounds I late did hear.

Gaily thro' the dance we thread
Now forget we all our woes
Spring is born and winter's dead

Gloomy hours of winter sped
Now we dance without repose
Gaily thro' the dance we thread

We no more his terrors dread
Icy breath that all things froze
Spring is born and winter's dead

In our songs his requiem's said
Laughter mourns his cruel snows
Gaily thro' the dance we thread

Youthful is she to be wed
Soon her beauties all disclose
Spring is born and winter's dead

'Scaping from its icy bed
See the joyous river flows
Gaily thro' the dance we thread

See the blaze of jewels spread
As each flow'r its treasure shows
Spring is born and winter's dead

Praises sing we to the dread
Power that such joy bestows
Gaily thro' the dance we thread
Spring is born and winter's dead

And now the spell
Broken by that villanelle
I ope mine eyes
To glad surprise
For tho' my cleanséd sight
Perceives aright
The world still white
Yet white of winter passed away
No snow upon the bare branch lay
But snow-white was the hawthorn spray
—The world was white with flowers of May.

O'er frayed and jaggéd bank edge now a stream
Of sunlight where clouds fail its flood to keep
Straight on my eyelids pours a copious beam
That quickly solves the unseen bonds of sleep
I rouse I rise and as I ponder deep
Nor doubt some lifelong lesson I may reap
From out the half-hid meanings of my dream
While I but tangle what I would unwind
These words soft-voiced seem wafted on the wind.

There 's something truer than the things that seem
Men die
And other men arise
But tho' in seeming death it oft may lie
Hope never dies
'Mid autumn dead leaves flying
In unseen buds are lying
Blossoms that winter's hopelessness redeem.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

In the land of thy life may the mornings
  Of joy be all brilliant and clear,
  Nor on pleasures their sunlight appear
As on idols with tinsel adornings;

In the land of thy life may the noontides
  Of happiness warmfully glow;
  Then enjoy them ere waning they go,
As the sun from its centre seat soon glides;

In the land of thy life in lone roamings
  When day joys their radiance lose,
  May they not thy dimm'd visions refuse
To gild with the gold light of gloamings;

In the land of thy life may the night-times
  Be lit by some true-leading star,
  From whose guiding thou'lt wander not far
Ere the dawning return of the bright times;

In the land of thy life may the mountains
  Be not over high or too steep,
  And over their rock ledges leap
True knowledge like sparkle of fountains;

In the land of thy life may the blooming
Of hope be a seed-bearing flow'r,
On stock of perennial pow'r,
With petals thy pathway perfuming;

In the land of thy life may the song birds
Of promise ne'er sing thee a lie,
Nor thou ever too trustful rely
On the fabulous pipings of wrong birds;

In the land of thy life may the flowing
Of streamlets all doubting destroy
In their faith and their peace and their joy,
To their destiny oceanward going;

In the land of thy life may the seabrine
Of sorrows o'erwhelm not thy heart,
But in tearspray be scattered apart,
Resolving to sparkles of sunshine;

In the land of thy life may the falling
Of tears be from April-like skies,
Leaving lighter and clearer thine eyes
For a bright merry May-smile's installing;

In the land of thy life may no cloudy frown
Loom in its blue-lighted sky,
Nor seeds of contentious words fly
On its air like the thorn sowing thistledown;

In the land of thy life be the Maydays
  Love bloombuds unenvied by frost,
  And their light skies by no shadow crossed
To check their loud laughter and Heydays!

In the land of thy life may the Summers
  Be triumphs life's victories bring,
  With banners of butterfly wing,
And busy bee pipers and drummers;

In the land of thy life may the wanings
  Of gay Summer colours to grey,
  And of Autumn's ripe fruits to decay,
Rustle not with unhumble complainings;

In the land of thy life, when the ice hands
  Of Winters thy soul overtake,
  May thy trust be in Him who can make
Both snow drifts and hot drifts of dry sands.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

My children, oft when I look upon your innocent faces,
Slanting aside with my hand that ever inveterate tress,
A joy plays round my heart to find no wrinkles or traces
Of love's anxiety there or sign of inward distress ;

And blossoming smiles unfolding this time more relieve me
From the dread apprehension of that which may come I know not how soon ;
And most irresistibly then my life's experiences weave me
Wreaths for the altar of prayer as I bow myself for a boon.

And what is the prayer I pray, to the effort stiffening and nerving
All my resolve as if to the stroke that may fell a foe,
Or to a deed the like that surgeons do unswerving
When they decide a loss that will end in good they know,—

That when He appoints your portion, our Father with
infinite power,
Wherever your bounds of work in the garden of life
extend,
Within them a single plant of one particular flower
You never may set or sow or in anywise cherish or
tend.

For one might entangling growths its delicate crown
encumber,
And the idle smile, and the selfish, and those that
live for greed
Sneer and point to the wild flowers flaring in infinite
number
And laugh that you wear away your life for one
more weed.

And one, its leaves luxuriant a coronet bloom adorning
More radiant far and rich than a bride with gem
crown bright,
An old man seeing sighs and says "how many so fair
at morning
Are laid to the earth by the levelling hail, or shrunk
by the sun ere night."

And one that especially thrives and you cherish above
all other,
A perfect plant without of knarl or canker a
trace,

Who was worthiest thought might take with a laugh
she 'd scarcely smother,
And trampling it laugh outright and sneer and jeer
in your face.

And one, the sun that at many dawns had found thee
bending o'er it,
Tending it on thy knees as he left thee late at night,
Might never uplift the night veil from its blush of
bloom before it
Had bowed its head to winter's fatal finger's touch
of blight.

How careful soever its tendance it can end in only
a sorrow,
In a grief that is ever the double of that, of the
cherished thing bereft,
For to-day 'tis sad that a flower falls, and again 'tis
sad to-morrow
Not beauty's failure alone to find but a loathsome-
ness that's left.

But I would not ye pass them unheeded when in your
coming and going
Cared or uncared for ye find them near to your
footsteps stand,
But especially those that are shattered, and the many
ones stunted growing
In the sunless stony bleak perished places of the land;

Turn ye to them and stoop and gather the nourishing
soil about them,
Revive them with plentiful water, and cherish them
all ye can,
Nor ever those that hold them in hope be the first to
lead to doubt them ;
But the plant of love from your own life's plot leave
out for your whole life's span ;

For to seek its perfection here is an empty and gainless
endeavour,
Or till He assign you a space in the garden of life
above,
And teach you to set and tend it so it may flourish
and bloom for ever,
He for a gardener mistaken once and in truth the
Gardener of Love.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Bells, Bells, Bells,
  Magical Christmas bells
That can mingle my sorrow with joy
  By the pow'r of their fairy-like spells.

Bells, Bells, Bells,
  That are chiming the length of the day,
But never so loud or so long
  That I wish them a moment away.

With a melody ever the same
  They merrily merrily swing,—
Shall I tell you the "note" and the "name"
  Of each of the four in the "ring"?

By intervals even combined,
  I know not with which to commence,—
With Jack of the serious mind,
  Or with Edith the rock of sense,

Or with Westland of tears and of smiles,
  Tho' slight for his age and small
He has plenty of wits and of wiles,
  And he's able to cope with them all,

Or with Arthur the last of the four,
A Doctor of Laws in disguise,
For tho' two he looks wise as two score,
With hands crossed and spectacled eyes;

When the spectacles fall then a smile
Arises as winningly sweet
And as fresh and untainted with guile
As the Spring flowers rise at our feet.

Bells, Bells, Bells,
'Mid the joybells of Christmas time
There is not one peal of them all
Rings half so merry a chime;

And methinks in the great hereafter
I shall hear, with no doubt to alloy,
Those chimes of musical laughter,
Those peals of innocent joy.

TRUE.

By a dead friend's orphan girl
  Is my loneliness beguiled,
My friend I loved in the Spring of life,
  In the Autumn I love her child.

Life's chamber were cheerless else
  When the light on the hearth is low
To the childless, failing the fuel of youth
  To kindle a gladdening glow.

Her mother's clothing grace
  She wears before me now,
Her lily crown of steadfast truth
  Is wreathed upon her brow.

Reuben my partner's son
  For Christmas came to stay,
I bade him for his was a lonely home,
  For his father was ill away.

From a root of health at his heart
  On his face as he entered the room
Youth's flower, in smile of taintless joy,
  Unfolded a morning bloom.

Like a bud babe ruddy and round
  Suckled and sated with dew,
But something ere many days were gone
  Had paled the ruddy hue.

As the sunlit vale is dimmed
  By a gloom of coming rain,
Prophetic, lay on Reuben's brow
  A shadow hand of pain.

And a seriousness replaced
  My orphan's playful wiles,
The sunny promise of her face
  Lay harvestless of smiles.

A bachelor well versed
  In woman's ways to win,
I feared for either Reuben or
  The other in Berlin :

And fell into that mood
  When young ones think we doze,
And dreamed old dreams that wiser Heaven
  Did other ways dispose ;

Till the girl stood up and broke
  A silence somewhat long,
" Reuben " she said, " come turn the leaves
  I 'll sing to you a song."

Song.

Along the surface of the sea
The playful ripples run
And dance and gambol in their glee
And glitter in the Sun.

Its bosom, heaving, seems to swell
With sympathetic beat;
Its voice to word a soothing spell
Of consolation sweet.

What wonder if to man it seem
The gate of his release
To sighed-for visions of his dream,—
His resting-place of peace;

His refuge from that din of strife—
The World's unreal show,
Its false and foolish ways of life,
Its weary work and woe.

What wonder, launching from the land
He trust him to its tide,
Nor heed what rock or shoaling sand
Its smiling wavelets hide.

But when the waters pitiless
To work his wrecking rise,
And mock with laughter his distress,
And drown his dying cries,

'Tis only said, it is their fate
Who venture on the sea
To learn what 'tis, Alas, too late,
To trust too trustingly.

Next even some wandering thought
Awakening a snatch of the air,
I suddenly turned a questioning look
To Reuben's vacant chair.

With shy glance down she said,
"Some urgency to go
He pleaded and left you thanks, and I—
'Twas best for him I know."

Then I saw how a maid may be true
Whether we stay or we roam,
True to the lad that is far away,
And true to the lad at home.

And I drew her to my heart,
And my old arms round her twine,
And her that is called my dead friend's child
I proudly call her mine.

TOGETHER.

Tho' tears run down like a mountain flood
They never can leave a trace
For a torrent swept the hard rock bare
When I looked on my love's dead face.

By every tendance I'd attempt
At least she'd seem to be relieved
And every awkwardness she'd pass
As unperceived.

And owning kindly in her heart,
How much for love my work might be,
I strove as much to justify
Her love for me.

She gave her thanks she gave her praise
In form of words that well she knew
I understood "without your care
I could not do."

Or said with seal of smile and look
"My darling I do love you so—
So much indeed I do believe
You scarcely know."

That I no more might hear thee speak,
Or look into thy faithful eyes,
Or hold thy hand in mine, to me
Was no surprise ;

Or listen for the falt'ring sound
Of life's uncertain time-piece beat,
Its hesitance, its variance
With cold or heat.

For thee 'twas so much better I
Could almost stifle my regret,
'Twas not for these my heart was sore,
My eyelids wet ;

But 'twas that Time, that every day
Steals beauties from the waning year,
Till, one by one, insensibly
All disappear,

Might steal away my precious things
Of memory till, less and less,
The last lay hid in fathomless
Forgetfulness ;—

The creeping dread, the horrid fear
Of travellers when lessening light
Is leaving them on desert tracks
In darkness quite.

For twilight life not all consists
In waiting, for besides it gropes
For records of lost joys, for lists
Of faded hopes.

But now I know it was not Night
That hovered to entomb the dawn
Of time to come, but clouds around
Its portals drawn;

That mist has lifted from my life,
Mine eyes have all unshaded met
The sunrise of a later day
That will not set;

A later day of restful peace,
A later day of heart-content,
A gleam beforehand here on Earth
From Heaven lent;

A ray that proves me still bedecked
With all the jewels of thy love,
Assuring I shall wear them yet
With thee above,

Assuring that no single gem
  Will ever dull with time or tears,
But rather what to human eyes
  So pure appears,

And stood a less exacting test
  Will brighten to my clearer sight,
And show, reflecting Love Divine,
  Their perfect light.

No! never, Darling, never more
  Will you and I be far apart
Till all the future, hand in hand
  And heart to heart,

Together we explore, for, till
  The time will come when I may stand
With thee within the confines of
  The pleasant land,

I have no doubt but by its bounds,
  Where nearest I may chance to be,
Thou wilt be ever present there
  Awaiting me;

And when among the younger men
  Some mark perchance the old man smile,
They'll tell in whispers how his mind
  Grows imbecile;

Nor guess that then thy olden touch
Of trust within my fingers lies,
That then the olden trust I read
Within thine eyes,

And would not then with them exchange
For all the good in life they see
One old man's landmark that assures
Me nearer thee!

LIGHT.

In the Sunshine I did lay thee as thou asked me,
"There in the Sunshine bury me," thou didst say,
"And when thou standest by my grave t'will remind thee
Of the bright light of the Eternal Day."

And more, far more, thy words to me imparted,
For on the gloomiest day in winter's gloom
Their meaning coming to me fuller, deeper,
A glorious light doth fall upon thy tomb.

HER GRAVE.

Dark gathers to his havens out of sight
  Gold-freighted fleets that westward floating lie,
A parted Sun's last legacy of light
  To sombre Earth, soft-sad that he should die.
  The shore fowl seaward wending seldom cry.
The beetle slower wings his weary flight.
  The wind's bewailment ceases with a sigh,
And fewer grow the stirrings of the night.

When all is still she nestles to my side,
  Our eyes and fingers meet, and thro' our life
We linger where 'twas sweetest to abide ;
  Till, roused by chilly dawn with tumult rife,
I leave her grave, glare dazed, another tide
  Apart from peace to mingle in the strife.

"IN THE SWEAT OF THY FACE."

"In the sweat of thy face."
GENESIS.

"Let thy future spell words be,
Days of labour, nights of resting;
So shall peace return to thee!"
GOETHE (AYTOUN).

"Ah why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone, time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb!
Let us alone."
TENNYSON.

"Fais ton fait."

OH for an arch—
A bridging span
Over all
Since life began,
High above
Joys and tears,
Reaching unto
My end of years.
Love's furnace
Glowing, bright,
All was her's,—
Heat and light,

Living still,
Ashes cold
Here am I
Growing old,
Weary, long
Years to come
Ere I may
Be taken home.
Say is life
Nothing more
Than deaths of hopes
Till hopes are o'er
Then crowds
Of memories
To stun the brain
And dim the eyes?
Nay, nay
It is not so,
An antidote
There is for woe,
A choice is left
For man to make
His hand to work
Or heart to break,
Work, work,
Labour and toil
Even tho' sweat
Thy brow may soil,

Either must fall
Throughout thy years,
Drops of sweat
Or drops of tears.

LAZARUS.

WHAT serpent's teeth may penetrate thy soul,
What brilliant hopes may darken into gloom,
What mem'ries fan upon thy head the coal,
What terrors breed in some evadeless doom.
How slow the dawn to end the night of pain
What hurt to move, how weary to be still
What torture flashes play around the brain
How cruelly does Death the curse fulfil.
Be sure what e'er thy ill thou hast a mate
Whose case is ever even worse than thine
At hand, not far, some Lazarus at the gate.
List for no call, await not any sign
Arise, go forth, to-morrow may be late,
Pour in to-day the healing oil and wine.

BLESSED.

"May God be pleased I live not old,"
Tho' thus I pray while yet so young,
The reason will not seem, when told,
Gratuitous, but sternly wrung.

Before and then and since a voice
Of angels murmured thro' my life;
But most that time I did rejoice
For while they whispered "loving wife."

I prayed for her by night and day
More earnestly than ever now,
Nor better thing could think to say
Than, "Bless her, best thou knowest how."

I knew not then for what I prayed,
That knowledge, coming only since,
Had been, by selfishness betrayed,
Devoid of power to convince:—

Of power to convince that when
I thus did pray I prayed the best,
But I have learned to know since then
What 'tis to be most truly blest.

PERFECT REST.

Stay thy step beside my grave,
Thou alone,
Muse on all the love I gave
Days agone;
Tho' 'tis silent where I lie
Sure will come thy softest sigh,
Softest tone.

Stoop thy face among the grass
And the flowers,
Slight not them that they may pass
Fewer hours
Ere they fade, for they fulfil
All their part with sweeter will
Than we, ours.

Reach the clay without recoil,
Bending low,
Touch, and where you touch, the soil,
I shall know,
Whisper then without recall,
Did you love me all in all,—
Yes? or no?

Love, in life I did not doubt,
So 'twas best,
But it might be thou without
Death for test
Could'st not know thy love for true,
And for me 'twere, if I knew,
Perfect rest.

THIS IS THE LORD'S DOING.

Like to the hearts of men
The grave-yards are;
Reflect not sadly when
They show a scar.

Ere barren heart and land
Turn fresh and fair
God's ever tilling hand
Must labour there;

And dealing wounds and blows,
A greener sod,
What seemed a death, but shows
The work of God.

A barren sterile space
  Each else had lain
Had it ne'er borne the trace
  Of scars, of pain.

Alike, the heart and place,
  Enriched instead,
Hold in a deep embrace
  Their dearest dead.

THE WIZARD EARL.

A LEGEND OF KILKEA CASTLE.

If gentle life and high degree
And beauty could avail
To shield from ill, it were not mine
To tell so sad a tale.

If knightly valour, noble birth
Misfortune could repel,
Or wisdom save, it were not mine
So sad a tale to tell.

Ten mightly earls from sire to son
Of Gerald's noble name
Maintained their own, or fought for more,
Or merely fought for fame;

But he the next contended hard,
With fierce resolve and stern,
To wrest from Powers below their power,
And all their wisdom learn,

Till so, for ways of witchery
And arts of darkness famed
In all the land, that he at last
"The Wizard Earl" was named.

And oft and oft was he besought
By his Lady good and true,
To show her all his power, and be
Transformed within her view.

But ever he forewarnèd her
That if her gentle heart
Gave any sign of fear, he must
From her for ever part;

Till over pressed by loving words
He set her trials three,
That if she gave no sign of fear
He would transformèd be;

At first the river Griese, that near
Where Kilkea Castle stood
Ran gently by, now quickly rose
In wild and sweeping flood,

And whirled around the Castle wall,
And thro' the doorway flowed;
But soon again it fell away,
For she no terror showed.

And then whereout the waters went
A fishlike creature wound
Its body thro', in serpent form,
And wriggled on the ground,

And 'twined about the lady's feet,
But soon to disappear
It slunk away, for bravely still
She showed not any fear.

But third and last a shadowy form
Moved silent thro' the room,
The form of one long years ago
Low laid within the tomb;

And now it flitted further off
And now it flitted near,
But still the lady gazing gave
Not any sign of fear.

Then he, who never bent to man,
Or failed in deadly strife,
By soft entreaty was o'ercome
And yielded to his wife.

Tho' great in arms and greatly skilled
In each intricate art,
The Earl was lost not knowing well
To try a woman's heart;

For, changed into a small black bird
And on her shoulder lit,
The lady scarce had raised her hand
To stroke and cherish it

When, crouching from beneath a chest,
Upsprang a cruel cat,
The Evil One with ill design
To seize it where it sat.

Then she who feared not for herself
Outstretched her lifted arm
In terror lest her well beloved
Should suffer any harm.

But Powers dark no pity know,
For when her swoon was o'er
The Earl and all his knights were gone,
She saw them never more.

Enchanted now 'tis said they sleep
Until the spell is past
Full-armoured by their steeds within
The rath of Mullaghmast,

And every seven years, to where
The Curragh's plain lies wide,
They start, upon their chargers all,
And round its borders ride,

And then to Kilkea Castle
Unto the haunted room,
And back again to Mullaghmast,
For so it is their doom;

But tho' at dead of night they ride
The Earl you well may know,
When sounds of horse and armour pass,
By his charger white as snow;

That charger too is silver shod,
And when those shoes are worn,
The spell out-spent, the Earl again
Will gloriously return.

And when he comes, oh then let all
True men and women pray
That his good wife may meet him at
The Castle of Kilkea.

* * * *

There is an ancient prophecy
That when this Earl shall come
Victoriously, as I have said,
Unto his Castle home

He there will reign till seven years
Are seven times told o'er,
And yet will do a greater deed
Than e'er he did before,

Even the ancient enemies
Of Erin to withstand,
And north and south and east and west,
To drive them from the land.

Then Heaven send those silver shoes
May wear away full fast
If so thereby our native land
May rest in peace at last.

CLONTYCOE—A BALLADE.

Fathomless hate in his black heart lying,
O'More sent challenge to mortal fight;
O'Garnoge Dealliv soft answered, replying,
"Feud between kinsmen can never be right,
"Forgive me my unintended slight;
"Divided we fall 'fore the Saxon foe,
"United in friendship we stand in might
"As stands the Castle of Clontycoe."

Swift to the fortress in cuckoo meads flying,
Thus to its chief spake Eevin's fay sprite,
"If thou, on this white-feathered arrow relying,
"Wilt watch where Knockardacor's banquet hall's bright

"Till the first human shadow shall cross thy sight,
"And delay not but shoot from thy ready-bent bow,
"While Summer is green and Winter is white
"Shall stand the Castle of Clontycoe."

O'More kept watch, till at last espying
The form of O'Garnoge full fronting the light,
The bowstring is twanging, the chieftain is dying
Pierced by the arrow of pitiless spite;
But traitor-led Saxons wound that night
Where the waters of Ownahomna flow,
Till a finger of moonlight points them aright
Where stands the Castle of Clontycoe.

ENVOI.

Grey ruined walls still mark the site
Of Knockardacor on the foreland height,
But the meadow is level and none may know
Where stood the Castle of Clontycoe.

INCHIQUIN LAKE AT DAYBREAK.

NESTLING, within its arms to rest,
Against the mountain's hollowed breast,
From sterile stone-slopes shrinking in,
Lies the lake water of Inchiquin.
Here and there is its surface stirred,
As it might be fanned by the flight of a bird,
Where the lingering spirits of darkness keep
A parting revel above its deep.
Pine trees mingling dark and light,
Like soldiers breasting the mountain's height,
Seem halted in serried trim array
To wait for the signal light of day.
As the longings that fill a maiden's breast,
Shapeless, fantastic, unconfessed,
Endless skim o'er the boundless scope
And the mystic hue of her tide of hope,
Coloured with ever the flush of love,
Clouds sail the ocean of blue above
Whence stray notes come where heavenward, higher,
The larks still move in their matin choir,

With rapture so inspiration fed
It rivals the bliss of the happy dead,
Shedding o'er all a sense of rest,
As thoughts of joy in a mind oppressed.
Where a grim shapeless crag projects
The surface of the lake reflects,
Crowning the summit of its steep,
In sombre gloom a ruined keep;
Like a warrior sentinel, stern, sublime,
Mourning the days of the olden time,
True to his ward 'gainst rain and blast
Where his post was set by a race long passed;
But his masters wake not from the grave,
And the hero dies as die the brave,
And the ivy weaves a pall to spread
Over the pains of the failing head,
And ever its branches interlace
Above the death-distorted face.
Where falcon hovered, circling round,
Where horn awoke the baying hound
Deserted now the islet lies,
The heron o'er it fearless flies,
Sallow and reed and rush re-claim
The nursery of a noble name.
And now, for green of spring is new
Wood, lake, and hill, of pallid hue
Seem touched with solemn awe to say
An "Ave" to the God of Day
As over all his earliest beam
Lies like the joy of a first love dream.

EDENDALE LAKE,

ENNIS.

Tho' all the Powers below may rage and strain
To force the crash and dark of Hell to rise,
No faintest echo and no speck of stain
Can ever reach the rim of Paradise.
And so in rock and wood deep safe from blur
The ever whirling winds of winter fail
With ripple faint or gentle wave to stir
The Heaven-reflecting Lake of Edendale.

From out the world withdrawn and lowly laid
Where of its forms ungainly scarce a shade,—
But all the sky,—reflects from out thy breast,
So may I still in placid patience rest,
And looking ever upward, like to thee,
Hold Heaven in my bosom peacefully.

BURREN CRAGS,

CO. CLARE.

ALIKE in Winter as in Summer time,
Region of rock, Earth's bare ungarnished base,
Its skeleton unclothed with any grace,
Too sad, too still, too stern to be sublime.
To where gray mists meet grayer heights I climb
And gaze afar some loveliness to trace
Of lands that smile or ocean's varied face,—
Changing, unchanged, forever in its prime:

Yet, mid the rude high rocks bare swept by storms
And furrowed where the rains of ages streamed,
Safe sheltered by a crag uncouth I 'spied
Such grace of mingled tints and faultless forms
Of many a flower and fern and moss, it seemed
Beauty enough without the world beside.

GALWAY BAY.

I TO windward, she to lee,
Along the white deck listlessly
Aboard our little craft we lay
One sunny day in Galway Bay.

Each knew of each the other dreamed,
And more than language that we deemed,
And so we spoke not as we lay
That sunny day in Galway Bay.

A little lifting at the prow,
A little purling at the bow,
Some swaying of the shadow fleck,
That lies, like bars, upon the deck;

Some dimpling eddies in our wake,
In waters calm as inland lake,
Are all that tell the little way
The vessel makes in Galway Bay.

A line against the sky betrays
The Burren mountains veiled in haze;
More clear we see, but scarcely more,
The nearer-lying Galway shore.

Low, level specks of twinkling white
Mark out the puffin's hasty flight
Above the sleeping waves that lie
Glistening beneath a glowing sky.

A great white gull, like shriven soul
On peaceful wayfare to its goal,
Slow wings a solemn steadfast way
At tide-turn to Kinvara Bay.

* * * *

Tho' every sail upon the sea
Recalls that summer day to me,
And tho' 'tis sad for one alone
To muse on pleasures both have known,

It is a little joy to feel
Forgetfulness can never steal
That sunny day we dreamed away
So long ago in Galway Bay.

LYMORE,

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

By ruins on the rock redoubt
I sit or saunter slowly,
And spy, beyond Montgomery,
In the meadows lying lowly

A streamlet from a lower lake
A silver pathway wending,
An upper lake, with duck decoy,
In a forest land extending;

And Lymore park outspreading far,
With gentle undulations,
And dotted o'er with stately trees,
And girt with oak plantations.

And longing now for nearer view
I wander thither, choosing
A rustic way without the town,
On many changes musing.

On mounds where monarch stags stood high
Suspected foes espying,
A listless lazy dull-eyed herd
Is indolently lying.

The solemn heron feeds unflushed
By the reedy lonely lake shore.
The timid dove builds undisturbed
In the leafy limes of Lymore.

The timbered housefront outward bends,
As nodding in its slumber,
Or yielding to the weight of years
Of long forgotten number.

I pause to con th' escutcheon quaint
With figures gilt and gory,
And legendary fame as dim
As Lymore's hidden story.

The oaken port within the porch
I strike, yet half refraining,
Provoking surly sounds, of my
Intrusiveness complaining ;

And a porter echo seemed to make
Far circumambulation,
Thro' empty chamber and hall, and come
Again to its lonely station

With saddened sigh, for in all the house
It found but sunflecked floorways,
And diamond lattices closed, and webs
In the angles of half-closed doorways ;

With saddened sigh, for in all the house,
Did no response awaken,
Except from the figured tapestry
By stray winds softly shaken.

Ah, where are the nimble fingers now
That deft on the canvas raised it,
The breast that heaved, and the cheeks that glowed
When knights in armour praised it.

Now awed, I e'en with footfall fear
To wake reverberations,
And all is still, and the silence teems
With weird imaginations.

Methinks I see a mingling crowd
Of stalwart stout retainers,
That gather in listening knots around
The honoured old campaigners,

As they wage again with voice and eye
Some doughty deed of daring;
And among them pass the serving men
For a royal guest preparing.

Methinks on the morrow I see that guest
With martial mien commanding,
With a bevy of lords and ladies fair,
In the court of Lymore standing;

And now they have mounted on eager steeds,
And wind to the woods with laughter;
And green-clad men with hawk and hound
Pass out thro' the gateway after:

* * * *

They have passed away, and forever passed
Is the tramp of hooves and the neighing,
And the soft full tones on the breezes borne
Of the staghounds deeply baying.

No more is heard the hunter's cry,
But the call of the shepherd only;
No echo sounds from the distant dells,
And Lymore Hall is lonely.

AT A "DRAWINGROOM" IN DUBLIN CASTLE.

Did no artist care,
Striking the pageant still with magic wand,—
Hold it enchanted—never more to move,
Those who were still remaining motionless,
And those in motion held in one long pause
With movement incomplete, and there detained,
Compelled to bear the gaze of future eyes
In future years when, worn and dim with age,
That dusty dull resemblance should be all
Of that bright company that should be quite
Discernible from dust.

CARLOW NEW MASONIC HALL.

Dedicated 14*th May*, 1895.

THE "operative" mason works
With Plumb, and Level, Square, and Rule,
And as he maketh faithful use
Of every proper mason's tool,
So buildeth he a masons' Lodge
In Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

Thus here, where late but idle walls
Stood weakly on a failing base,
Affording shelter unto none,
Of Beauty giving not a trace,
By faithful Labour stands this Lodge
In Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

Their work alike, here Brethren meet
At Labour, allegorical,
To build each other up in Love
With masons' tools, symbolical,
Transforming life into a Lodge
Of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty,

Where, Masons "Free," in Charity
They cease not Labour, day or night,
And North, and South, and East, and West,
From central Earth to Heaven's height,
Find Work in Love's unbounded Lodge
Of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

When closed on Earth our Lodge shall be,
"Accepted" Masons may we stand
To order in that High Degree
Our Master giveth in His Grand
Eternal, universal Lodge
Of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

GERALD DUKE OF LEINSTER.

Died 1st December, 1893.

It is not that the Duke is dead
The heart is sore the eye is dim,
For so it is the Duke's alive,
Long life to him.

And so 'twill be for time to come,
A Duke will still a Duke replace
Till time shall fail, or fails the whole
Fitz Gerald race.

The well-belov'd one that we mourn
Was Gerald, and was Duke as well,
But how much more than Duke was he
They best can tell

Who knew him best, and knew his heart
As humble as his head was high
To own the gifts with which his God
Did him supply

As gifts in trust, with way and will
The little ones of God to feed,—
Most prized by him when given most
To ease their need.

Tho' me ye may not always have,
Said Christ, the poor are with you still
To be your daily teachers how
To do my will.

No doubt had he to hold or give,
His thought was only how or when
So best the will of God were done,
Knowing that men

Do best His will who justly do,
And every gentle mercy love,
And walk in humbleness before
Their God above.

And so, as conscience most approved,
To each one kind and true to be
To him seemed ever truest named
Nobility.

Tho' steadily the eye may see,
The human foot will often fail,
And spiritual steadfastness
Not all avail.

And so he trod where underneath
The everlasting arms are spread,
And felt for God's right hand, and so
Was safely led.

And so, in faith, to him 'twas given,
When God did call, to make reply
And simply say, like Samuel,
Lo, here am I.

And knowing all we know not why
The heart is sore, the eye is dim,
Except that being human still
We mourn for him.

GERALD DUKE OF LEINSTER.

Died 1st December, 1893, at Carton.

HERMIONE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

Died 19th March, 1895, at Mentone.

I HEARD a wedding bell,—
Two joined till Death do part,
I bow to Thy decree,
Yet hard it is to see
With human eye and heart,
When these who love must part
Thou art a God of mercy and of love.

I heard a passing bell,
I heard a widow's heart
Break with an awful cry,
Death did them part,
Oh, God on high,
Tho' I must bow to Thee
Too hard it is to see
Thou art a God of mercy and of love.

Again I heard that bell,
It tolled to tell
The widow's tears are dry,
Death joins them, heart to heart,
Never again to part.
Oh, God on high,
I thank Thee on my knee
That Thou hast made me see
Thou art a God of mercy and of love.

THE NEST UNDER THE CATHEDRAL DOORWAY.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

Aye, seek by the temple door
To enter celestial rest,
But under the old grey arch
Look up at the simple nest,

Where the new-come swallows add
To the grand old house of prayer
A building of their own,
With more of Heaven there.

The brood lie hid in the moss,
Where the gateway arch befriends,
At rest in the pleasant shade
The wing of a Jesus lends.

Where the shadows flicker within,
As if to their twittered trill,
The swallows are gleams of joy,
The pillars darkly still.

Even the stolid saints,
By the gateway's constant swing,
Rejoice to find so near
The hopes and the kiss of spring.

Virgins and holy men
Peer down from towers above
On the hives the birds have built
For the honey of Heaven—love.

An apostle greets with a smile,
From the shade of an archway quaint,
A bird on an angel lit,
And the bird salutes the saint.

The great cathedral's spires
Far up to heaven shine,
But the nest of the little swallow
Is a building more divine.

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

Said the tomb to the rose:
—The dawn-dew tear drops shed
On thy bloom of love, where fled?
Said the rose to the tomb:
—The souls to thy deeps that fall,
Where dost thou hide them all?

Dull tomb, said the rose,
Those tears distilled in the shade
A perfume
Of amber and honey are made.
Sad rose, said the tomb,
Of every soul that I take
An angel—
An angel of heaven I make.

NIGHTS IN JUNE.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

When fades a summer day, from hidden bloom
The fields far shed a sleepy sweet perfume,
Eyes close and ears light note of murmurs keep,
Asleep, yet half awake,—in seeming sleep.

The stars still clearer gleam, the gloom abates,
Faint twilight tints the vault of heaven on high,
The sweet pale dawn in night-long patience waits
And wanders round the skirtings of the sky.

RAPTURE.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

"And I heard a great voice."

Alone by the waters a still star night,
The sky unclouded, the sea-wind light,
To fancy wayward, as if in a dream
The woods, the hills, and all things seem
To murmur a quest? and await reply
From heaving ocean and glistening sky.

The stars in their companies infinite
Lower their crowns of golden light;
The blue wave nought may rule to rest
Stoops in a curve its foamy crest;
And with many voices but one accord
Answer,—it is—the Lord! the Lord!

LEAF-HID PIPINGS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

LEAF-HID pipings
From green woods float.—
The song of peace
Is the shepherd's note.

Shadowed waters
By soft winds stirred.—
The song of joy
Is the song of the bird.

From care afar
Love! love alway!—
The sweetest song
Is true love's lay.

I CLASP THY DELICATE FORM.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

I clasp thy delicate form
Supple and lithe as a rush,
Thy bosom throbs like the wing
Of a thrush.

Silently watching the day
Dying in heaven above,
One thought in the soul of each,—
Love.

Thine angel presence near
Looks on me, and all my night
Thine eye with its light of stars
Makes bright.

HOPE.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

The man that hopes but leans upon a reed,
By God alone are all our days decreed
'Tis He unwinds the distaff of our doom
Till falls the thread away,
And all our joys decay.
The cradle's but the threshold of the tomb.

There was a time my future shadeless seemed,
And all to come my dazzled spirit deemed
An ocean calm, a sky all starry-bright,
A phosphorescent bloom
Dispelling every gloom.
That vision now has vanished from my sight.

If looking back the tears of any flow,
Let them weep on, nor seek their loss to know,
To weep will soothe, and ever pain allay,
Of all the load of cares
The weary sad one bears
There's not a tear but washes one away.

CHILD OF A DAY.

From the French of Alfred de Musset.

Child of a day, in thy watch of an hour
  Why is there ever a wail and a cry?
Has thy soul in its yearning but tears for its dower!
  Thy soul will abide, thy tears will dry.

Some passing clouds thy life o'ercast,
  Old ills fresh promise of ill supply;—
Let the new dawn break thro' the mists of the past,
  Thy soul will abide when time goes by.

New fears assail thee and bring thee low—
  At the failure of limb and the fading of eye;—
Down, fool, on thy knees and learn to know
  Thy soul will abide tho' death be nigh.

A VILLANELLE.

Translated from one in French by Jean Passerat, A.D. 1560.

My turtledove is lost to me—
How well the words my peace destroy?
Where she is gone I long to be.

Thy sparrow's loss is fretting thee;
Alas! such griefs my soul annoy
My turtledove is lost to me.

If thou dost love unchangeably
I too have lost my only joy;
Where she is gone I long to be.

Thy grief revives incessantly,
To grieve is too my whole employ;
My turtledove is lost to me.

My comely one no more I see,
All other beauty yields alloy;
Where she is gone I long to be.

On Death I call unceasingly
To take the life I can't enjoy;
My turtledove is lost to me,
Where she is gone I long to be.

THE TINY ROSE.

Translated from the German. (ANON.)

THE tiny rose is not for thee,
A country clown !
More fitly thou wilt weave and wear
A nettle crown.

"But nettle weed is harsh and hard,
And stingeth me,—
That I have lost my dearest one
Oppresseth me.

And goads me so with bitter grief,
My heart is sore,—
God bless thee, love, tho' lost to me
For ever more."

HORACE, ODE III., XVIII.

FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, thou art ever keeping
Some adored and cherished thought
Of those Nymphs always retreating
And that never can be caught ;

Thou that givest rural riches
Through my sunny meadows walk,
And may'st thou depart propitious
To the offspring of my flock ;

For oft a kid of tender years,
Scarcely having tasted life,
Most piteously makes known its fears
When it feels the deadly knife.

Nor shall you want the festive cup,
Not despised by Gods above,
With best Falernian wine filled up,
Ever hand in hand with love.

Lo ! a savour very pleasant
From the victim fire of oak,
From the altar rise incessant
Curling waves of lazy smoke ;

So all my flocks in sportive mood
Roam thro' fields of richest green ;
So lost in herbage deep and good,
Scarcely can their backs be seen.

When the fifth of cold December
Rolls around to you again,
Then the village will remember
All thy rites throughout the plain.

Vainly does the wild beast wander
Through the flocks cared for by thee ;
Woods their leaves o'er thy path squander,
Moved by thy divinity.

Now doth the merry husbandman,
Praising thee in sprightly lay,
Drink many blessings from his can,
And thus with dances close the day.

HORACE, ODE I., XXXVIII.

(ROSA QUO SERA MORETUR.)

My slave, Oh, let me never see
Or Persian pomp prepared for me,
Or chaplets of the Linden tree
With rind so sweetly smelling ;
Seek not the rosebud to obtain
In shady walk or bush-clad lane,
That seeks a partner but in vain
To cheer her lonely dwelling.

Nor strive again with anxious care
To coronate thy flowing hair
With any wreath more simply fair
Than that composed of myrtle ;
But only myrtle chaplets twine,
They best will deck a slave of mine,
And best please me when I drink wine
Where shady leaves encircle.

MAYDAY SONG.

May, May, let no alloy be
Mixed in the goblets of May.
May, May, let only joy be
Quaffed from the goblets of May.

Summer's perfections, so rich and luxurious,
Pall with their fulsome display ;
Dearer to us are the delicate, curious,
Hopeful suggestions of May.
May, May, &c.

Colours of Autumn, though beauteous and various,
Yet are but tints of decay ;
Autumn's best glories are short and precarious,
Not so the splendours of May.
May, May, &c.

Winter's wind-warriors', mighty and furious,
Ice-armoured snow-white array
Gladly we change for the sweetly injurious
Flower-clad maidens of May.
May, May, &c.

MAYDAYS AND MAYDAYS.

First day of May, aye 'tis the child's Mayday
By the strong spirit of undying youth
Wrung from the slow recordings of each year:
With some lines faint, with others broad and firm,
A tracing of the Maydays of our lives.
These are not readings from the almanac,
It matters not what season that they come,
With glow of sunshine breath of summer bloom
'Tis they make May and not the May makes them,
Enclosing each an hour, a day, a year,
Or years, or days, or hours, or one, or more,
Bound up with golden cord of happiness
Into one sheaf of many precious joys,
The gleanings of the harvest day of life.
In life's forenoon in hours of morning tide
We carry them in pomp upon the head,
And underneath a joyous countenance
Alive to all the world around, and full
Of keeneyedness for other golden ears;
Prouder of having, eagerer to have
Than to enjoy possessing what's possessed;
But later on we place them 'neath the arm,
For now the head grown less and less erect
No burden owns, yet must a weight admit:

And what's amiss, for 'twixt the arm and side
Lie they not safer nearer to the heart.
Now too the wealth of ears in rich display
Turned forward droops in front and feeds the eye
Now oftenest found with thoughtful downcast look,
Less eager for the world's varieties
Nor henceforth now expectant to detect
More gleanings ere the coming of the night.
And still in turning o'er the golden heap
Or rich or poor in ears as fortune fell
The softening eye is drawn to those first found
When hopes were high altho' the bundle small.

A MAYDAY PETITION.

My Lady,
I pray thee, I pray thee
Give me somewhat for my Mayday trophy?
Tho' I beg I am not a beggar, tho' I seem to be one
in thine eyes,
For it is not so much the gift as the giver and giving
I prize.
Look to it, Lady, and see that it differs from those of
others,
No sign of life or past living give they, save the
flaring of colours.

My Lady,
I pray thee, I pray thee
Give me somewhat for my Mayday trophy?
Since first a trophy I bore, when, toddling, I scarcely could hold one,
I ever worked into the new what was beautiful left of the old one;
O'er the ocean of time they are floating, those tattered ribbons and strips,
Like weather-worn signals telling of long since sunken ships.

My Lady,
I pray thee, I pray thee
Give me somewhat for my Mayday trophy?
As it rustles in the Mayday breeze and glints in the Mayday sun
Come back the old voices and faces and Maydays, every one:—
Glimpses flash in its glinting of forms and faces and glances,
And in its rustling echoes a rustling of feet in May dances.

My Lady,
I pray thee, I pray thee
Give me somewhat for my Mayday trophy?
I love the old ribbons dearly, with their colours so deep and true,
But I long to weave others amongst them more bright and hopeful and new;

Then as bravely I shall bear it as ever I bore it yet,
For the new will wake no fear and the old no vain
regret.

My Lady,
I pray thee, I pray thee
Give me somewhat for my Mayday trophy?
For a gift of thy giving can best complete what it
needeth still,
And thou canst perfectly crown it; Good Lady, you
can if you will,
Tho' I beg I am not a beggar, tho' I seem to be one
in thine eyes,
For it is not so much the gift as the giver and giving
I prize.

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

Peace and Love
From above
Came on Earth
At Jesus' birth
One Christmas morn.

These to bless
Thee, no less
Every day
The same, I pray
May be born.

BIRTHDAY WISH.

Fair gleaner in the fields of Time,
God bless thy work in a sunny clime
This day, as thou goest forth to gain
Another sheaf of its golden grain,—
Another year; and,—corn and flowers,
May joys be culled with its days and hours:
And, Ruthlike, gathering Time's increase,
May The Master bid thee glean in peace
Till, the Kinsman's duty done for thee,
Thou enter thy lot in Eternity.

FATE.

She held in her hand a flower
As she entered the empty room,
And she paused before a mirror
To set on her heart the bloom;

And with her seemed to enter,
Making the chamber bright,
Such rays as from angel faces
Shed a celestial light.

She spoke not, yet through the silence
A melody seemed to float
As when on an organ ceases
The last and grandest note.

Her visage in countless visions,
Her eyes in their dreams of love
Repeated, like wavering wavelets,
Something of Heaven above.

I felt abased in her presence
For I knew that before me stood
An angel of help for the wicked,
An angel of peace for the good;

Such a presence as in life's pauses,
With yearnings tender and true,
Comes to wean us from some of the evil
And to teach us the good we do.

She stood for a moment only,
And then from the chamber passed,
But the die of my fate that moment
She had lifted and shaken and cast;

And I knew from my life that presence
Might never more depart,
Or cease to feel with radiance
The chamber of my heart,—

In the temple of my being,
On the altar of my soul
An angel ever pointing
Upward, to God the goal.

SEMPER.

CHRISTMAS roses with Ivy 'twined
From her bosom she gave me, my love, my own ;
Tell me thou surly Winter Wind
Why didst thou spare them, and them alone?

"I spared them not, but the snow-white bloom
I passed unseen as I bustled by,
And so it escaped my frosty doom,
Safe in a simple purity.

"I spared them not, but the Ivy's hold
I could not loose from the turret high,
Waving aloft defiance bold,
Safe in a simple constancy.

"And she gave them thee to say, for sure,
When loves die down in the first chill rime
Only the constant and only the pure
Live on thro' the winter days of Time."

EVER WITH THEE.

(A Rondeau.)

Ever with thee to kneel and pray
With newer hope as the new sun's ray
  Dries the tears from the world dew-wet
  And all the day with thee forget
To note his joyous light's decay ;

And when at eve his low beams lay
Longer shadows across our way
  To rest in the peace of no regret
    Ever with thee.

But the hope of dawn, and the joy of day,
And the peace of evening pass away,
  And darkness comes, but I know that yet
  I shall dwell in a land where no suns set,
Where the Glory of God is the light for aye,
    Ever with thee.

A SKETCH.

THE child, detecting studied smiles
And touches of hypocrisy,
Withdrawing hand and eye, recoils
Refutingly ;

But, clinging closely, round the true
The tendrils of its trusting twine,
Its smile confiding in thy smile,
Its hand in thine.

Believing in thy loving look,
Believing in thy tender touch,
Believing in the all in all,
Nor, all, too much.

Where child-built edifice of faith
A firm foundation seems to find,
There strongest stand the castles of
The older mind ;

And 'tis at furthest twin to love
To see, as any child may see,
Not on the surface, but throughout,
The good in thee.

Thy forms of beauty so surpass,
E'en to the waving of thy hair,
We do but find another's wants
When we compare

Thy forehead's ivory casket guards
Pure metals and rich gems of thought,
Till by thine intellect to fine
Expression wrought:

And trusting thine intelligence
We feel we build upon a rock
That lightly foils the frothy force
Of folly's shock.

Discrimination at thy brow
Mounts guard with forethought, hand in hand,
While prudence at thy saintly chin
Takes steadfast stand.

Thy nose an uninjurious wit
Bespeaks, that, wrinkled discontent,
Can smooth, or point the repartee
In argument:

A power too is there expressed
On thoughts within to cogitate,
And outer things with true result
To calculate;

And there, surpassingly, we see
Instinct detecting aught displaced,
And for perfection's symmetry
A dainty taste.

The closure of thy lips combines
A gentle force with kind intent,
Confirmed to do thy duty to
Its full extent,

But if from duty's foremost rank
Another, failing, falls behind,
Thou 'lt stoop the moral wound to seek,
And soothe, and bind:

There kindness sympathetic dwells
In sunny peacefulness, and thence
Smile rippled flows a rill of pure
Benevolence.

Thy countenance, like flower bloom
Upturning to the heaven's light,
Unfolds in phantomed meanings, faint,
Yet infinite.

Thy looks, an angel company,
Thine eyes, their sheeny wavy wings
Wherewith they wean and waft us far
From Earthly things.

With diamond sparkles of thy mind
  Emotion jewels' mellow light
Commingles in one diadem
  As pure as bright.

So crowned I can but call thee, Queen,
  My service at thy feet instal,
Trust in thy true nobility,
  And love thee, all.

REPENTANT.

At times it chafes me to abide
  This perpetuity of doubt,
And in a sudden anger think
  To crush it out ;

And for a single moment strive
  With effort impotent and vain,
A single moment, for the next
  The thought is pain.

For, seeming wakened to upbraid,
  The visions of thy presence rise,
And I, low shrinking in my shame,
  Myself despise.

For tho' it is a bitter thing,
A weary wait, a trial hard,
So fruitlessly to long and look
For thy regard,

How high the hope, how dear the joy
The thoughts of thee tho' vain enshrine,
How better 'tis to look and long
For love like thine

Than hold an easy close commune
With trivial hearts and shallow minds
Whose cord of feeling lightly knots
But weakly binds ;

Or with th' unstable or untrue
Whose thoughts a shining shimmer show,
At surface seen, while dark their tide
And foul below.

THE BEACON.

With rippled sail my bark of life
Lay lost upon a twilight sea
If 'twere unguided by the light
Of love for thee;

And by that brilliant beacon led,
My seamanship, tho' false it seem,
No taint shall touch to take for guide
So pure a beam;

Towards Heaven uplifted high in air,
Where one might seek its earthly base
A pearly shaft, a peerless ray
Adorns the place;

Where fall in splashes on the wave
The handfuls of its silver light,
There, only there, I care to roam
Throughout the night,

Tho' while my bark unmouldered mounts
The billows of expectancy
I still but see the silver sink
Away from me:

For, as of all the forms that lie
  Uncounted on the ocean's bed
Shall none be lost that day the sea
  Gives up its dead,

I cannot wean me from the thought
  That so the ocean bed of Time
Will yet yield up, of human love
  A sum sublime;

And human love, all Heaven lent,
  Will but regather back to Heaven
Unwasted while away, and free
  From human leaven.

TO WISH THEE WELL.

To love thee as I love thee now,
If ever it should count as sin,
I'll tutor then to other words
  My thoughts within:

But think of thee I must for aye,
Till lapse of life shall break thy spell,
Nor shall my conscience count it sin
  To wish thee well;

To wish thee well, tho' scant they seem
And empty, idle words to thee,
I could not quickly count their sum
  Of wealth to me;

Nor will they weakly word my love,
But all its force will best express,
And name its essence purified
  From selfishness.

'TIS NOT THY FEATURES.

(RONDEL.)

'TIS not thy features fine and fair
That make me almost worship thee,
Nor form of perfect symmetry,
Nor gleamy wavy raven hair;

For of those charms bereft and bare
Thou then mightst be less dear to me;
'Tis not thy features fine and fair
That make me almost worship thee;

But 'tis the charm of grace they bear,
That in thine every move I see;
When fine and fair the feelings be
They shed a halo everywhere:
'Tis not thy features fine and fair
That make me almost worship thee.

NOT FOR THY GLANCE.

(Rondeau.)

Not for thy glance, the glamour of thine eye,
Whose clear pure beaming with the stars' can vie,
  Yet, glowing sunlike, gild with golden gleam
  Life's greyest scenes to visions of a dream,
And wordless still can more than words imply.

For Time might drink that sparkling fountain dry,
And love unwatered shrivel, fade and die;
  So frail a flow'r tho' fair who could esteem?
                Not for thy glance!
While stars stand still and steely in the sky,
And suns gild, glow and gloam we know not why,
  Thine eye enshrines a gem within its beam
  Whose life-like lustres shadeless, fadeless seem—
That pow'r to love that in its light doth lie:
                Not for thy glance.

NO, NOT FOR THINE EYE.

(TRIOLET.)

No, not for thine eye
But thy power to love me
Which there I descry
No, not for thine eye
Have I courage to try
To win thee to love me
No, not for thine eye
But thy power to love me.

MY HUMOUR'S BUT A SAD ONE.

(TRIOLET.)

My humour's but a sad one,
My fancy's rather foggy,
My pen too is a bad one;
My humour's but a sad one,
The notion's now a mad one
Of writing rhymes to Moggie;
My humour's but a sad one,
My fancy's rather foggy.

GOOD NIGHT.

When shadows darken hall and stair
A maiden seeks her turret high,
And as she bends her head in prayer,
Looking away to the western sky
She breathes a message unto me,—
" Good night, Good night my Love to thee,
Good night with a blessing across the sea."

Over the mountain and valley and plain,
To the shore of the sea and across the sea,
Thro' the moonlight calm or the drifting rain
Over the sea and the land to me
The words of the maiden's message fly,
As I muse in my lonely cell and sigh
And think of my Love in her turret high:

Angel visitants to my cell
Soothing my soul to deep delight,
Laying my sorrow with saintly spell.
To carry my blessing and thanks aright
Her own words back are the best that be,—
" Good night, Good night my Love to thee,
Good night with a blessing across the sea."

OMENS.

TRILLING the story of its life in song,
  Its breast with honest ardour all aglow,
My fledgèd love floating on pinions strong,
  Trustful, to her for sustenance did go;
Oh! for a sign, an omen, to presage
How fares my love upon its embassage.

Omen—"Già spéme spento."

I dreamt I saw a wintered robin fly
Unto the bosom of a maiden fair;
It warbled love songs as it rested there,
And piteously its winning arts did try,
Striving to wake some kindness in her eye:
E'en pity came not, or it came too late,
Starved, at her feet, unmoved she saw it die
And I woke wet-eyed at its woful fate.
"Dreams go by opposites" old wives relate,
Then oh! what joy my fledgling doth await;
But they may err and this be true portent
That she shall starve my love without relent,
Nor heed its willing song, its flight thro' summer skies,
But cold-eyed mark its lingering flutter as it dies.

Omen—"Ancóra spéme."

I dreamt again and saw the bird alive,
It flew and perched upon her lily hand;
She first, perplexed, did hesitating stand
Half disappointed that it did survive,
Then earnestly with all her strength did strive
To cast the clinging suppliant to the ground,
In vain, and now she saw it did contrive
To clasp its claws entwiningly around
An Emerald ring upon her finger strung:
By th' omen won, the maiden smiling cried
"To Hope thou clungest when to the Emerald clung,
"I'll part not with thee now whate'er betide,
"But all thy trustfulness repaid, thy wrongs redressed,
"Soft nestled in my bosom thou may'st ever rest."

MY BIRD—MY LOVE.

They tell thee false who bid thee fear
  I'd clip thy captive wing,
And crib thy life in cruel bars,
  Only to hear thee sing,
    My Bird.

Wonders of light the world awaits,
  Thine eye is already lit,
Wonders of grace are the smiles of dawn,
  Unfurl thy wings and flit
    My Bird.

Flit, float, from the dull earth fly
  With the will of a curbless flight,
Reach the fount of the sun and lie
  Laved in its happy light
    My Bird.

With the merry strains thy heart o'erflow
  The halls of the morning fill,
Warble a lay whose every note
  Is joy's ecstatic trill
    My Bird.

But when there's a wail in every wind,
A shudder in every tree,
A gathering gloom in a sunless sky
Come back, if thou wilt to me
My Bird.

Come when the storm is loud and strong
And thou carest no more to roam,
Thy shelter no prison barred shall be,
But a heart that is thy home
My Love.

Come, and however the happy past
Throw shadows o'er thy song,
I'll care not so I may cheer thee then
And list to thee all day long
My Love.

EYES.

Wonder-full Wonder-full eyes,
Dark as the night,
As the sun bright,
Tender as soft summer skies.

Pure gems in rich settings set,
Settings, tho' rare,
Fail to compare
Whate'er their fineness or fret.

Dazed with excess of their pow'r,
Yet that excess
Brings not for less
Longing for even an hour.

Reading, perusing their looks,
Love lore I find,
Yet more's behind,
Volumes and volumes of books.

Pure light of evening's first star,
'Tween garish day
And night's dim ray
Gentle effectual bar.

Making in one to combine
Glowing love light,
Passionless white
Rays that the angel's eyes shine.

Into their depths sinking down
Hopeless I strive,
Love, save alive!
Lost in their deepness I drown:

But if thou wilt not then I,
Lacking the right
To live in their light,
Care not to live, but to die.

BRIGHT LIKE THE DIAMOND.

Bright, like the diamond, is thine eye—too bright,
The duller sunbeams, thence, with jewelled light
That carries day-rays wraithlike into night,
Return all decked and dazzling to the sight.
Hard, light the diamond, is thine eye—too hard,
Itself all beauteous, perfectly unmarred,
It flashes on its victims deeply scarred
Keen gleams of kindless pitiless regard:

Aye more, for diamonds bright as thou are rare,
So rare that such we never yet did know ;
Aye more, for where is diamond can compare
With thee for hardness, would it were not so !
For hardest diamonds drops of water wear,
But to thy heart my love floods vainly flow.

CARTE DE VISITE.

Take back the Carte,
The photographer's utmost care,
E'en touching art,
So much attaining proves that ne'er
Similitudes with self compare ;

His greatest skill,
However honest be his bent,
But makes some ill
With the original be blent
For which it never warrant lent :

So blame not, Thou,
If still, despite the carte, I'll prize
As I do now
Thy picture fairer to mine eyes
That in Imagination lies.

THE FAULT IS THINE.

(Rondeau.)

The fault is thine, that 'gainst thy peerless reign,
Perfection-phalanxed, longer I sustain
No fight for freedom; one by one in rest
My lances all have splintered at the test,
And, slave to thee, no freedom I regain.

That, still begrimed with dust and battle stain,
I call thee, Queen, and cry to thee to deign
To take love's homage, wildly thus expressed,
The fault is thine.

Two fates alone from thee to me remain,—
To live for thee were joy, to die sweet pain,—
(Tho' men may kill, the killing they detest;
But women kill and calling the killing jest)
So if I've fought and failed and love in vain,
The fault is thine.

TOO HARD THOU ART.

(Rondeau.)

Too hard thou art, and 'twere not much to say
If to that goal thy features lit the way,
  But all thyself combineth to inspire
  A fatal zeal, and fan it to a fire
Of slave devotion luring quite astray

In all but that, self-suffering, more I pray
Thou ne'er may'st murmur, grieving the decay—
  The ruin of thy dearest deep desire,
    "Too hard."

Were every tenderness that men essay
To chill unreasoning repulse a prey
  When, dropping trim conventional attire,
  They don but simple truth when they aspire,
The World would seem, its pity wiped away,
    Too hard.

ONLY A SORREL PLANT.

Only a sorrel plant under a tree,
And yet she stopped to stoop and pluck
(Oh, for a share of the sorrel's luck)
Thy heart of leaves, and among them lingers
The dainty touch of her fair fair fingers ;
I would, I would, I would it might be
That I were you and you were me.

Only a sorrel plant under a tree,
And yet in her hand, with a tender touch,
She held thee and pressed thee, but not too much,
And nestled thee near to her heart, and bent
Her eyes upon thee as home she went ;
I would, I would, I would it might be
That I were you and you were me.

Only a sorrel plant under a tree,
Yet little we differ, you and I,
My hope, with a glance of her glorious eye,
She kills in passing,—thy life to sever
She stoops ; and both she forgets forever ;
So, little it matters whichever it be,
That I were you or you were me.

WITHERED LEAVES.

THE bloom that once thou gavest
  Is fallen quite away,
There's scarce a summer blossom
  Will last a summer day.
A flower by its frailty
  But saddens, not deceives,
So even yet I treasure
  That blossom's withered leaves.

The love that once thou gavest,
  Tho' frailer than the bloom
I would it waited only
  So innocent a doom;
But chill of thy deception
  Hath shrivelled all thy vow
To yellow leaves of mem'ry
  That rustle sadly now.

And often in my sorrow
  I'd cast them both away,
But soon again remember
  That e'en in their decay

This joy survives, that surely
  Will hover to the last
Round withered leaves and mem'ries
  Some perfume of the past.

LYING EYES.

What the tongue telleth
  Well may the tongue explain away.
What the pen spelleth
  The pen write clearer another day.

But the eyes, lying,
  Tell ever a tale the heart believes,
And their false denying
  No pang of its mortal wound relieves.

Cruel inflicters,
  Keener to kill than cold grey steel;
Gay contradicters
  Of all they have bidden the heart to feel.

Their sweet glance sweetest
  Is ever the truest liar of all,
And e'en the discreetest
  Into its pit of distraction fall.

CRUEL EYES.

FOR "PARTED SONG" AIR.
(MENDELSSOHN.)

Oh cruel eyes that could mislead,
Nor spare one victim from your greed
Of winning ;
To take from life its light of day—
Its love, and give it back no ray
Was sinning,
Aye, sinning.

Oh foolish eyes how blind ye be,
Oh foolish eyes that could not see
More clearly ;
Betrayed as in the dusk of night,
Misled to love a phantom light
So dearly,
Aye, dearly.

Oh cruel eyes the keepers ye ;
Oh foolish eyes the slaves ye be
For ever ;
Your life for nought ye gave, 'tis vain
To strive, ye can be free again
No never,
Aye, never.

FOLLE FARINE.

In the harvest of hearts all thy powers
Are lost, or expended in vain,
For only thou gatherest flowers,
Neglecting to garner the grain.

In the winter of life that is coming
The flowers will fade in thy hand,
Yet what is so chill and benumbing
As life in a loveless land.

Then, when for love-food thou art longing,
And weary with hunger pain,
When thoughts of the past are thronging,
Thou'lt sob for the slighted grain;

Wilt sob, that when oft unwitting
With blooms thou didst gather some wheat,
On thy heart lay the flowers so flitting,
The golden ears at thy feet;—

Wilt sob, that by using false measure
In gauging love's winnow and screen,
Thou didst waste all the grain's rich treasure,
And keep but the "Folle Farine"!

A COQUETTE.

Gay and flitting,
All outwitting,
Heeding not the hurt you do ;
In thy funning
And thy cunning
What is others' pain to you.

Ever shifting,
Ever drifting
To the leeward of the truth ;
Pleading pleasure
Without measure
As the perquisite of youth.

Most delighting
To be slighting
All that seems to you sincere.
No one sparing,
Nothing caring,
Looking less for love than fear !

Superficial,
Prejudicial,
Shallow maid, uncertain wife,
Spare endeavour
Such can never
Be a trouble to my life.

TO A COQUETTE.

(TRIOLET.)

Too slight thou art
To mar my life
With acted part.
Too slight thou art
To hold my heart
A steadfast wife.
Too slight thou art
To mar my life.

A YEAR AGO.

A PROMISE spoken,
A promised token,
A promise broken
A year ago.

A trust unpaid,
A faith betrayed,
A hope decayed
A year ago.

How vain to strive
To now revive
A love alive
A year ago,—

A love that's passed,
That faded fast,
That loved me last
A year ago.

LIGHTLY CURVED.

LIGHTLY curved and lithely tall,
Moving with a splendid grace,
Equal beams of beauty fall
From her mind and from her face,—
Worthy to be first of all,
Meekly choosing second place.

FAIR, FAIR.

Fair, Fair,
With flaxen hair
  And eyes of dainty blue,
Two flow'ry isles
In seas of smiles
  That show the coral thro'.

Till smile to wave
Will rise and lave
  Lip-reefs of coral rocks,
Where, broken, all
In dimples fall,
  And laughs record the shocks.

COLD IS THE NORTH.

Cold is the north, a land of ice and snow,
E'en hearts are cold where all around is so;
Then hie thee there and find a kindred beau
Among the Icelanders or Esquimeaux—
Ah no!

They wrongly read who judge its outer dress
The world within may certainly express;
For snow and ice the better taught confess
Hide currents deep and central glow no less—
Ah yes!

A VALENTINE.

Before thy heart's tribunal I appear
To crave, my love, from thee, my love's request
That not this day alone of all the year
I may, my love, for thee, my love protest;

But that, by virtue of a kind decree,
Without one envious interval between,
Thro' all my years of life I may be free
To pay love-tribute daily to my Queen.

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT.

(TRIOLET.)

THAT because I adore you you think me a fool
Perhaps you are right,
For you know yourself best and it's by your own rule
That because I adore you you think me a fool ;
Thus it follows, that those thinking best of you you'll
Look upon in that light,
That because I adore you you think me a fool ;—
Perhaps you are right !

THE POET LAUREATE.

NAY plead no more, thy words but blab thy tremble,
Promotion's sure if only thou wilt wait,
Thy Queen, if she all other Queens resemble,
Will crown her fool her poet-laureate.

THE WORDLESS SONG.

Before my lips knew language,
  Before I could walk or stand,
Away in a misty distance
  In a far forgotten land,

I felt a gentle swaying,
  And arms around me twine,
And the soothing kindly comfort
  Of a face bent over mine

As I floated in fathomless trusting,—
  In trusting deep and strong
That flowed from the song of my mother,
  Tho' I knew no word of her song.

And often, in twilight dreaming
  Or the calm that night-time brings,
I think I hear around me
  A rustling of angel's wings,

And I seem to be wafted softly,
And the wide between to retrace
Till again I lie in her bosom
And again look up to her face,

And listen again to her singing
And feel thro' my being spread
The peace of that fathomless trusting
Tho' I knew no word she said.

And so for aye would I rest me,
But ever awake to be sure
That in all my life-time's music
I shall listen to none so pure,

Nor hear it in full perfection,
To lose it no more again,
Till the voices of Heavenly angels
Are mingled in the strain ;—

For I know from the misty distance
She passed to the land above,
And I know the song she sung me
Was the Heavenly song—of love.

PRINCE WALDEMAR OF PRUSSIA.

Born 10th February, 1868; *died 27th March*, 1879.

"As they left the sick room, the Prince opened his eyes, and said in English, 'Good Night,' which were the last words he uttered; in the morning he lay dead, smiling."

'S FOREHEAD unserious and seamless,
Still at his play,
Yet of all vanities dreamless
Passed he away.

Weep not thou dear ones around him,
Hearts do not break,
Did there not rest when ye found him
Smiles on his cheek?—

Blooms, from the blossoms arraying,
Wreathing his soul,
Dropped by the Angels conveying
Him home to their goal.

Weep not, but gather those flowers,
Wear them at heart,
Yet will ye find in them powers
Soothing its smart;

Theirs is the sweetness perfuming
Edens of joy
Where the love-light of their blooming
Dawns for thy boy.

Let not your eyes dim with sorrow,
Look to that light,
Did he not speak of that morrow
Saying "Good Night."

THE COLOURS OF THE 24TH REGIMENT AT ISANDULA, 1879.

(RONDEAU.)

"WITHOUT a stain" I hear their comrades cry
"Above your graves our colours yet shall fly
"Full well we'll prove your lives were nobly spent,—
"That life, not honour, thro' those wide wounds went."
No need, for yonder yet unlost descry

Your colours saved where MELVILLE, COGHILL lie,
Reddened, but rescued, as their lives ran dry,
And, all the more by British blood besprent,
Without a stain.

And well do those dark daubs of blood imply
Tho' oft for hero sons Britannia sigh,
Bent o'er each name-recording monument,
With such as these she yet may rest content,
Nor doubt but still her flag shall float on high
Without a stain.

LORD HAMLET.

(RONDEAU.)

"The time is out of joint,—Oh cursed spite,
"That ever I was born to set it right!"
Hamlet, Act i, sc. 5.

"To punish me with this, and this with me,
"That I must be their scourge and minister."
Hamlet, Act iii, sc. 4.

(*Queen*)

LORD HAMLET speak not thus so piercingly
In dagger words no true son's love I see
And thy just blames that my dark deeds incur
Such foul subsidings in my conscience stir
As almost choke my life with misery

(*Ghost of his father*)

On her once dearly intimate to me
As late the fair Ophelia was to thee
Keen edged amazement sits, Oh speak to her
Lord Hamlet.

(*Hamlet*)

Loves lock my soul in dim perplexity
Thy love from vengeance sets my mother free
My purpose that Ophelia's love doth blur
My love for thee as oft again doth spur
Alas, that ever I was born to be

Lord Hamlet.

JOHN CREIGHTON.

Died Nov., 1898.

"Who builds a church to God and not to fame
Will never mark the marble with his name."

He was no hero, but a man—
Simply an honest gentleman.
Whate'er he did, he did for good,
And—more or less—'twas all he could.
Not strong to do a deed of might,
Yet strong to do the thing was right.
Not strong or wilful to insist,
Yet strong an evil to resist.
And if he had a special whim
It was that none should lose by him.
He was not pleased with praise or boast,
To please another pleased him most.
How oft who seem for Earth least fit
Best fit the Heaven of Holy Writ.

MURT McMAHON.—R.I.P.

Little old man, crooked and stooped,
Ugly with age, shrunken and drooped,
Body and brain useless and wasted,
Of life's luxuries little he tasted,
Almost a century, day by day,
Heavily labouring life away,
Waging with want so deadly a strife
That he wins his rest but in losing his life ;
His body outworn and cast aside
Is laid where the lonely dead abide :
But He who created him, He knoweth how
To give him a glorified body now :
Tho' on rich and gay His mercies fall,
For the good God is good to all,
Yet for the poor and the suffering one
A blessing He keeps when all is done—
And well may they rest, and in peace endure,
For they know Whom they trust, and His word is sure—
That the least and the lowliest here we see
The first in Heaven above shall be !

DARK AND DAWN.

STAINED with the soiling mud of the street
A half clad child with shoeless feet
Craved for an alms with so sad cry
I could not pass unheeding by;
"Go home and rest thee, child," I said,
"And trust to thy father to gain thee bread,"
"Ah sir," said she, "I have no home,
And so I must always beg and roam,"
Then swooped the wings of night so low
That not one starlight pierced below;
And I went on my way and was sad.

Passing again, a something white
Suddenly fixed my vacant sight,—
A placid face, and limbs that rain
Had come from the heavens to wash from stain;
The orphan had found a home at last,
And all her wand'ring and want was past.
Then away to the eastward, far away,
There seemed a gleam of the dawn of day:
And somewhere near me seemed to float
A strain of a song-bird's new-day note;
And I went on my way, and was glad.

SYMPATHY.

Could twenty griefs relieve thee of thy one
I'd bow me to their burden; yet how vain
To look below for easement of thy pain:
Earnest of fellow-heirship with the Son,
Our Father's chastisement we may not shun,
Is not the lone one's loss the lost one's gain,
Then only need we cry to Him to deign
To give us strength to say "Thy will be done."

I grieve that thou dost grieve, nor cease to pray
That with the ear of faith thou mayest hear
Above the wail, when sorrow maketh moan,
Thy loved one, loosed from pains of human clay,
Join, with a voice supremely glad and clear,
The Angels' song of praise before the Throne.

EASTER.

ALL hail! Creation's light
  Inspiring all
The new-created things,
  This Earthly ball
Were eye without its sight,
Blossom in gloom of night
Wanting that light [a]

All hail! first Easter dawn [a]
  When from His throne [b]
God made new Light proceed,[c]
  'Mid darkness sown.[d]
Light strove in deadly strife,[e]
Light reigned where dark was rife,— [g]
The Light of life.[h]

Verse 1.

[a] Gen. i. 2, 3.

Verse 2.

[a] Ezek. xliii. 2.
[b] Ps. xxxvi. 9; l. 2.
[c] 2 Cor. iv. 6.
[d] John i. 4, 5.
[e] John xvi. 33.
[g] Num. xxiv. 17.
[g] 1 John ii. 8.
[h] John viii. 12.

All hail! first Easter dawn,[a]
  Ladder of light [b]
Reaching from this low Earth [c]
  To Heaven's height:
The Breaker, gone before,[d]
Hath opened Heaven's door [e]
For evermore.

All hail! first Easter morn,[a]
  When mortal night [b]
Did flee before the dawn
  Of love and light: [d]
E'en Death submission shows,[e]
What can that love oppose
That loves its foes.

Hail! Light of love, Hail! Light,[a]
  Supreme above,
Supreme on Earth that day,—
  Life-giving love: [b]
All Babel-building end,[c]
Nor labour vain expend,[d]
On God depend.[e]

Verse 3.

[a] Matt. ii. 10.
[b] Gen. xxviii. 12.
[b] John i. 51.
[c] John xiv. 6.
[c] Jer. l. 5.
[d] Mic. ii. 13.
[e] Isa. xlv. 1, 2.

Verse 4.

[a] Isa. lx. 1, 2, 3.
[b] Matt. iv. 16.
[d] 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.
[e] Hosea xiii. 14.
[e] Amos v. 8.
[e] Zeph. iii. 14-17.

Verse 5.

[a] John viii. 12.
[b] Jer. xxxi. 3.
[b] Rom. v. 8.
[b] Eph. ii. 4-10.
[b] Titus iii. 4, 5.
[b] 1 John iii. 1 & iv. 9, 10.
[c] Gen. xi. 4.
[c] Job xi. 7, 8, 9, 10.
[c] Isa. i. 13.
[c] Rom. x. 3.
[d] Jer. xvii. 5.
[d] Isa. lxiv. 6.
[d] Rom. ix. 16.
[d] Rom. xi. 6.
[e] Ps. cxviii. 8 & cxxv. 1.
[e] Jer. xvii. 7, 14.
[e] Matt. xii. 21.

Hail! glorious Easter morn [a]
  Brightening the gloom [b]
That in our human sight [c]
  Surrounds the tomb; [d]
Now through death's shroud appears
Nothing to wake our fears,[e]
Or claim our tears.[g]

Death 's but an Easter Morn [a]
  To him who knows
That Christ from bonds of death
  Unbound arose,— [b]
Morn of an Easter day
Never to pass away [c]
Or know decay.[d]

That Easter Morn has come,
  Its full clear light [a]
Has dawned and spread for some [b]
  Now clothed in white; [c]
They at their Saviour's feet
Pour out in joy complete [d]
The praise that 's meet.[e]

Verse 6.

[a] Rev. xxii. 16. [b] 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. [c] 1 Cor. xv. 36. [d] 1 Cor. xv. 42, 43, 44. [e] 1 Cor. xv. 54, 55. [e] Rom. viii. 38, 39. [e] Luke xii. 32. [g] John xvii. 24.

Verse 7.

[a] Cant. ii. 17. [b] Rom. vi. 8, 9. [b] 1 Cor. xv. 20, 23, 49. [c] Isa. ix. 7. [c] Luke i. 33. [d] Matt. vi. 20.

Verse 8.

[a] Isa. lx. 19, 20. [b] Rev. xxi. 23 & xxii. 5. [c] Rev. vii. 9, 10. [d] Isa. xxxv. 10. [e] Rev. xv. 3, 4.

ROSANNA LEE.

STRAIGHT she stood, and stately too
As the Pine and Poplar do,
Trimly tall, nor over slight,
But, accordant with her height,
Curved as comely maidens be—
Rosanna Lee.

Dreamy, gleamy, almost hid,
Shadowed under long-lashed lid,
Lurked her eyes, and in their glint
Often seemed a warning hint
Better with her to agree—
Rosanna Lee.

I praised her tresses glossy-black,
Straight and straying down her back,
With somewhat sideway bended head,
As if she had been regal bred,
She threw a look of scorn at me—
Rosanna Lee.

A rent red petticoat displayed
A bare foot on a bare foot laid,
With folded arms, and shoulder leant
Against the opening of a tent,
Like any other Gipsy she—
Rosanna Lee.

ANGELS.

Some folk, the notion doubting,
Have a flippant way of flouting
The idea that the angels
Visit Earth.

But your innocent persuading
Look, their unbelief upbraiding
Will be sure to make them tell
Another tale.

Bid them ask a mother living
If she has the least misgiving
But that she knows where to find
At least one.

Aye, among the children's faces
Is the likeliest of places
To meet an angel's smile
On this Earth.

SHY AND SENSITIVE.

More prone to minister she seldom rules,
Yet ruleth most when most to serve she seems.
Not all exempt from uninjurious schemes,
And wily-wise, she makes the witless tools.
Her love, more deep than sudden, slowly cools,
Unlike her hate that swiftly scarcely gleams;
That love speaks more and better things, she deems,
Than mere lip-driv'lings from the mouths of fools.

From scorn she crouches when she seemeth shy,
And more of meek than secret silence keeps.
For untamed words incautiously let fly
In after calm she retribution reaps.
Loosed longings fancy-feathered floating high
To see them sink to level land she weeps.

BIDE A WEE.

Not so much good as all devoid of ill,
Not so much hoping as content to wait,
Too earnestly at peace to be elate,
Too firm of faith for effort to fulfil;
Her sympathy, unfledged of any skill;
Her love, an incapacity for hate;
Her kindly deeds, the fruit-falls of her fate
More than the fabrics of concerting will.

How well 'twould seem that natures such as these
Should wander merely to life's summer space,
Nor linger on to lands of leafless trees
But turn and all the steps of youth retrace,
By violet lane, thro' cowslip scented breeze,
From Earth a heaven to Heaven's yet happier place.

SUMMER'S SECRETS.

Swallow, tell me, ere thou goest
O'er the ocean blue
Swallow, tell me all thou knowest,
All she told to you ;
Tell me was it love that lit her
Eyes when thou didst see them glitter,
Listening to thy trembling twitter,
Swallow, tell me true ?

Cruel swallow, still coquetting
Flitting to and fro,
How canst thou have joy in fretting,
Torturing me so !
Ah, thou couldst not be so cruel,
Swallow, if you only knew well
How thy flitting fans the fuel
Of my burning woe.

Ocean, ere you grow imperious
Tell me I implore
All her secret words mysterious
Whispered by thy shore

When she pausing would resume her
Thoughtful meditative humour,
Hearkening something in the rumour
Of thy ceaseless roar?

Many secrets since thou glided
First beneath the sun
In thy bosom have subsided,
All I ask is one,
Proud to be with that one gifted,
On thy billows gently lifted
Well thou knowest where it drifted
When its voyage done.

Into thy recesses, pressing
Deep her mouth and nose,
Oft she whispered, love confessing,
Oh too happy rose!
May deny not, for the gushing
Of the fountain of her blushing
All thy pallid petals flushing
Thy connivance shows.

Rose, thou art no honest martyr,
For thou didst presume
For her secret's truth to barter
Thine unstaid perfume;
Wilful wily wizard flower,
Yield thy talisman of power
Ere thy comrades of the bower
Mourn thy latest bloom.

Wind, with sympathetic fingers
  Passing thro' her hair,
Wind, with cooling palm that lingers
  On her forehead fair,
At thy touch of love she'd heave a
Sigh, and thou wouldst then receive a
Soft injunction, swift to leave a
  Message—tell me where?

Fairy good of summer breezes
  While thy powers last,
Ere the winter demon teazes
  Sailors with its blast,
Waft my bark of Hope tho' frail it
Seem, and teach me how to sail it
Lest a doubt-struck waif I wail it
  Guide me—Ah, 'tis past!

THE THRUSH.

SWEET-NOTED herald in the van of Spring,
Its first apostle on the verge to stand
And Hope and Joy distilled to essence fling
Like violet odours fanned,
Until to youth it seems
Reality of dreams
If all were true it tells of fairyland.

The maiden musing doubteth if they be
The echoes of a realized delight,
Or the fore-temptings of love's ecstasy,—
What seem to mental sight
As gleams of pleasure cast
From some dim distant past
Into a future of hope infinite.

Tho' far apart from her he holds most dear,
In spirit closer drawn and sweetly blessed
The mated worker toiling stops to hear
That love at last confessed
With such a tender art
It satisfies his heart,
That oft she looked yet never all expressed.

To the sad path of lonely age a voice
Across the falling tide of time is borne,
And one long dead seems bidding him rejoice,
Not from the past forlorn,
But calling him away
Unto the perfect day
To be with all he loves and never mourn.

Sweet-noted herald, marshalling to beat
As one the pulse of peasant and of peer,
Thy lays all harmonies of love repeat
To king and clown as clear,
And to each heart disclose
What best of all it knows
Yet most of all delighteth it to hear.

SONG OF THE SEA-PINE.

Sea-pine sighing, singing,
Say, do you sing, or sigh
For gladsome gleams remembered
From days that are long gone by?

Sea-pine singing, sighing,
Say, do you sigh, or sing
For gladsome gleams of sunshine
That coming years may bring?

From the depth of thy deepest sighing
A strain of a yearning cry
Steals forth, despair defying,—
A song in thy saddest sigh.

As a bird on its fair way winging
Is followed by shadow along,
So thy song in its flight, by misgiving,—
A sigh in thy gladdest song.

Like thee, as my chords of being
Are swept by the winds of time,
The music has mingled meaning,—
A sigh, and a song sublime.

Has my soul with thee communion,
Ah, seeming soulless Pine!
Is there even a spirit within thee
That answers unto Mine!

Are there notes in the song of either
That both may understand,
Tuned to a like vibration
By the same Almighty hand!

THE DESERT ROSE.

Oh flowers rare
With flaunting flare
  I do not love your bloom,
  Ye but recall the early doom
Of life's gay promises, however fair.

Give me the rose—
The desert rose
  That may for ages lie
  In seeming death, yet will not die,
But, water touched, fresh foliage disclose.

But they are few
As friendships true
  That to the desert cast
  Of Time, yet brave his withering blast,
And, mem'ry touched, awake to life anew.

MERIT.

A SILENCE still
The house did fill
From top to basement,
When suddenly
A humble bee
Hummed at a casement
Whereat a maiden sat with open book
Upon her knees laid down,
Musing, with half smile round her parted lips,
And brow with half a frown.

With frown, said she—
"Go noisy bee
'I hate thy coming;"
Or with a smile
"Oh stay a while
"I love thy humming:"
Poor bee, if frown or smile of hers could make
Thee joyful or distressed,
At least thou didst deserve her smile for thou
Didst hum thy honest best.

WIND.

Sadly sighing o'er dark expanses,
Laughing and dancing with waves, the wind,
Lightly treading the flowers, advances
Heedless of all before and behind.
I hear a wail in the topmost branches,
I see them waving their hands on high
As if for help from the moon as it launches
A sharp prow forth on a stormy sky.
I pause to list to a love-sick lisper,—
Or why do the leaves so seem to sigh
And wave me away from reach of their whisper,—
But only can hear the murmurs die.

Rifting the clouds into ugly blotches,
Tugging the flags till the flagstaffs creak;
Sweetly repentant, a sly chance watches
Softly to kiss me on cheek and cheek.
Aloft, thro' cordage and ship-stays streaming,
It mimics to darkness a fruitless wail;
A morning sun on a calm bay beaming,
It wafts to the shore a seaman's tale.
An unseen finger with tender touches
To heavenward turns the blooms that fail
To lift their heads storm smitten, for, much as
The winds be wild, will the mild prevail.

A CAMP FIRE.

WHERE around thee all are sleeping
On the bivouacking ground,
Lonely watches thou art keeping,
Darting searching glances round:

Spirit leaping higher, higher,
Living in the leaping flame,
Spirit dwelling in the fire,
Seeming two, yet two the same:

Ever whispering mysterious
Words of languages unknown;
Now a sentence slow and serious,
Now a mutter, now a moan,

Now, in eager disputation,—
Soundings sudden here and there,
Now a cry of exultation,
Now a murmur of despair:

Oft you startle with surprising
Spangling sparkle, in thee wrought,
From thy centre swiftly rising,
Upward, like a burning thought:

Sometimes to thy centre flushing
With a ruddy golden glow,
Sometimes, like an angel, rushing
Upward, whiter than the snow:

Often from thee feathered plumy
White-winged aspirations rise,
Yet, with plumage dark and gloomy,
Scatter ere they reach the skies:

Gladly giving heat, but choosing
Ways and workings all thine own,
Gladly giving light, but musing
On a lore of thine alone:

Brain as well as eyesight swimming,
Looking too much into thee,
Only are their powers dimming,
Dazzled by thy mystery.

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Waking to joyous life in laughing fountains,
The runnel gaily leaps
Adown the rocky ladders of the mountains,
Adown their pebbled steeps;

Now flashing tenfold back his fiery glances
In playful fearless fun,
Where, in his chariot silver-wheeled, advances
The royal morning sun;

Now pausing in a nook of mosses mazy,
A shady place of bliss;
Now eddying to coquet a mountain daisy
That stoops to beg a kiss;

Now sauntering slowly, deep in meditation;
Now slipping swift away,
Resenting with wave-lip-curled detestation
The wind's unmannered play;

A moment only baffled by mischances
And then away more fleet,
To laughter only roused, and ripple dances,
By rude rocks at its feet;

Not turning back wreathed blossoms to recover,
Robbed by some dipping tree,
But ever onward speeding to discover
The grand eternal sea;

Now hastening, hurrying, eager to be nearing
The mermaid's charming spell,
Now pausing, as tho' in the distance hearing
The music of her shell;

With steadfast sweep, unwavering, and willing,
Where e'er its course might tend,
To follow on all earnestly fulfilling
Its duty to the end.

EDELWEISS.—CHANGELESS PURITY.

(GNAPHALON.—FLAKE OF SNOW.)

(RONDEAU.)

GONE, quite gone the Summer roses red,
(How pale the bands that late her blushes wed)
  Revapoured back to ether seas again
  Forget-me-nots, pure drops of azure rain.
(Her eyes are closed,—I look to Heaven instead.)

'Mid cloud-isles pink with Summer's life-blood shed
Now flood-tide streams of autumn blue light spread,
  Only the clay corruptive forms that wane
    Are gone, quite gone:

Nor tints of fleeted Summer will have fled
Till, wound in stainless snow, the year lie dead.
  (On Earth, Earth reveries must still remain,
  With hue of longing and with tinge of pain,
Nor, till with Edelweiss she wreathe my head,
    Be gone, quite gone.)

WIND WAILS.

WHENCE they come and whither go they,
Notes of sadness in the night time,
Dismal sobbing of the south wind,
Wailing cries in forest tree tops,
Sighs o'er moorlands waste and windswept,
Hopeless melancholy moaning
By the margin of the ocean;
Child I know not—neither can I,
But to me they seem no other
Than the woful cry of spirits
Yearning for surcease of sorrow,
Spirits of the sick untended,
Spirits of the poor unheeded,
Spirits of the hurt ones helpless,
Spirits of the orphans famished,
Woful cry of weary spirits
Weirdly lifted up to Heaven,
Passing for redress of grievance
Onward to the Throne of Mercy,
To the Throne of the Almighty.

MY QUEEN.

A LIFE-STRONG presence is the dawning air
As sweetly fresh it rushes o'er the world,
And spreads a standard color-bright and fair
Or e'er night's banners tardily are furled ;
What dignity of presence can compare
With lofty trees where statelily they stand ;
What presence purer than when leaves to prayer
Are stirred as if by wings of angels fanned ;
Love's sweet mysterious presence strong and true
O'erflows th' unfathomed firmamental blue,
Floods Earth with flowers and warblings from above
And fills with perfume all the space between ;
Such are the presences of her I love,—
The very presence of a queen—my queen.

HER PRESENCE.

As I gaze on the clouds in their softness and beauty,
That silently speed on their way thro' the sky
Like messengers faithful, intent on their duty,
And ponder their "whither" their "whence" and
their "why";
Each cavernous birthplace of sympathies tender,
Those fairyland mountains white-capped with Sun's
splendour,
Those thousand vast throne-seats majestic but render
More present that presence to me.

Art thou doomed hapless spirit of ceaseless wave-
motion,
Tho' oftentimes weary, exhausted you lie,
Ever newly to strive in terrific commotion,
In death-struggles ever, yet never to die!
But whether o'er sunny shore smooth pebbles splash-
ing,
Or over rough rugged rocks surlily dashing,
Or 'gainst the cliff's battlements booming and crashing,
In each beauty that presence I feel.

Unsorrowed by love, and unstained by resentment,
No frown on thy forehead, no tear in thine eye,
Fair Queen of the Night, in thy placid contentment
Thou shamest to peace such complainers as I;

Man his frailty repents as thine innocence beameth
As thy presence of purity sweetly redeemeth
That glance that to mortals too passionless seemeth ;
In thy presence that presence I feel.

When the glory of sunset compels to devotion,
And soothes from rebellion, and softens to prayer,
And, gilding a path to my feet o'er the ocean,
Invites me to pass to the peacefulness there ;
As the air on my forehead soft kisses impresses,
I long to be lost in those golden recesses
Whose soft light so sweetly the day's wrongs redresses ;
For that presence pervadeth the whole,—

That presence of beauty forever before me,
In sunlight or dreamland I gaze on it still,
And, whether its power, its spell that is o'er me
Be earnest of blessing or boding of ill,
Its phantoms all beauties of Earth Air and Ocean,
It glows in each kindest and purest emotion,
It weaneth from pride to a fitting devotion,
It mirrors all goodness to me.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

Truest gem with least alloy
Rapture, nothing can destroy
Purest deepest dearest joy
Is love's first kiss.

Answer ere request begun
Question, answer, all in one
Two responses differing none
Is love's first kiss.

Hand in hand and soul in soul
Like the folding of a scroll
Two, yet one, in one enroll
In love's first kiss.

Where the stream and streamlet meet
You have listened as they greet
To the gentle murmur sweet
Of their first kiss.

Scarcely heard except in vision
Like one sweetest sweet collision,
Saving from the world's derision
Our love's first kiss.

Quaffing joys in flooding flow,
Gathering flow'rets as I go,
Nothing sweeter can I know
Than love's first kiss.

In rejoicing or distress
I will never love thee less
Than when thy young lips I did press
With love's first kiss.

And when youth is long forsaken
Should a thousand more be taken
Yet will each of all awaken
Love's first kiss.

NOTHING TO ME.

"SHE is nothing to me" I said,
Quickening my pace
From place to place
In the ways of life I tread,
As those that shun
The pleading of one
They are weak to refuse to the face,
And that follows as fast as they flee ;
Yet I thought I said
The truth when I said
"She is nothing to me : "
But, as one bidden to shut out light,
Strive as he will
Cannot fulfil,
For somewhere still
A ray will steal
With the mute appeal
Of a delicate thing we shudder to kill,
Till, crying "they surely do err from right
Who would hide my life from the beautiful light,"
Shutter and shade
Aside are laid
And he joys to rejoice in the glorious light ;
So, ever the truth comes home to me,—
The truth that I lied when I said
"She is nothing to me,"
For I cannot shut out thee.

UNHEEDED.

A GENTLE touch of arms around me closing,
Upon my brow and cheek a clinging kiss,
A whispered promise dearer hopes composing
Than ever I had dared to dream, of bliss.
A wind came nigh me,
A wind went by me—
Unheeded.

A sudden rush
And glow of tender feeling,
A tinting flush
Fair vision-gleams revealing.
A flame came nigh me,
A flame went by me—
Unheeded.

A ringing of laughter, a clatter of warning
To tread in the glittering steps of its flight
To an ocean of joy where the silver of morning
But turns to gold by the sunset light.
A flood came nigh me,
A flood went by me—
Unheeded.

A maid all beautiful passed that way
A vision of dreams on her eyelids lay
In her eye beneath was the luring light
That floats from the fairies' homes at night
With a look that besought she seemed to say
Come to the land of love away
For love is all and the rest is nought
But the look died out and the sound I caught
Of a sigh as she passed and I knew her the same
I had slighted in wind, and flood, and flame
And then I knew why
She too went by—
Unheeded

For him whom Nature charms not
However well
She work her spell
Bewitching maiden harms not.

LIBERTY—FRATERNITY—EQUALITY.

"*To God belong the issues.*"

LIBERTY.

A BLOSSOM uprisen,
Unbidden to rise
To be pris'ner in prison
Of infinite skies;

To be swayed by a motion
Of wave-wind that seems
To rock it on ocean
Of infinite dreams;

To linger, delirious
At cooing of doves,
In visions mysterious
Of infinite loves;

To bask in a shower
Of sun-ray delight;
To pillow in bower
Of petals at night,

Soft stir of star-winging
To list to night long,
Soothed by their far singing
Of infinite song,

Like angel retiring
To tent of its wing
In heaven at the quiring
When Seraphim sing;

On fondling wind pausing
To lade, for the next
Bloom, sighs for a clausing
And perfume for text;—

Or bribe to the duty
The bee humming by,
Or butterfly beauty
That flits floating nigh,

For payment allowing
One honey-sweet kiss,
Coquettingly bowing
A nod of dismiss.

A baby-boywandered
Not far, every day,
From the blossom, and pondered
In back-taken way

On wing flash of bird flight,
  On flittings of flies,
On leaf play in sunlight,
  On insect surprise ;

Each incident seeming
  To faintly restore
Some memory gleaming
  Of knowledge before.

FRATERNITY.

The babe had stood the blossom to admire,
  Had rushed to seize it, lapsing into smile,
With hands outstretched emphatic of desire,
  Yet paused awhile,—

To see, while airs were plucking at his dress,
  Or clasping him with closure ever kind,
Its petal lips evade, at last to press
  'Gainst the sweet wind ;

Entranced by cloud embodiment of light,—
  Unsullied beings in a world of blue,
To find the blossom sharing in the sight
  Turned upward too ;

To see it stooped in attitude intent,
  While hymning birds were chorusing their lays,
As joining them with aspect of assent
  And thought of praise.

He plucked it not, no less for feeling ruth
  Its functions of enjoyment so should fail
Than so should stifled sympathies, in truth,
  Self-joys curtail.

He plucked it not, but found it fuller joy
  To gather cooling moss about the stem,
And banish creeping things that might annoy,
  Not harming them.

EQUALITY.

Where Love has hoarded least is most exacted
  Death's mystic tithe,—the child
At night awake, its brow by pain contracted,
  At morning slept and smiled.

No hesitance to pluck the flower had we
  To mate him in his rest,—
Twin innocencies, in the hour sad we
  Were garlanding his breast ;

But when God took our blossom we loved dearly
  Our eyes were very dim
To see, though His to claim we saw so clearly,
  His equal need for him.

On babe and bloom when comes the hour decisive
  To cast on both the sod
How hard it is to turn from them submissive
  To leave the rest to God.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

TRIOLETS.

Faith is a part of the chain
That moors this Earth to Paradise,
And to try to detach it is vain,
For *Hope* being part of the chain
It ever takes hold again,
And the severed link's place a new link supplies,
For *Charity's* part of the chain
That moors this earth to Paradise.

* * * *

Faith, let us say, is a strong double swivel
Joining the chains of the "Future" and "Present,"
And tho' the *Sceptic* says, seemingly civil,
"*Faith*, let us say, is a strong double swivel,
Now to a god it turns, now to a devil,
Now the Bull, or the Cross, or the Crescent,"
Faith, let us say, is a strong double swivel
Joining the chains of the "Future" and "Present."

We hold by the hooklets of *Hope* that we find
As the drowning will cling to a grapple,
To the chain with which "Is" and "To come" are combined
We hold by the hooklets of *Hope* that we find;

And tho' *Epicureans* hint Eve was inclined
To let go to take hold of an apple,
We hold by the hooklets of *Hope* that we find
As the drowning will cling to a grapple.

Of the precious metal of *Charity*
Are the links between "Here" and "Hereafter."
For, as with all metals, the rarity
Of the precious metal of *Charity*
No more than proves Man's barbarity,
So in spite of the *Cynic's* laughter
Of the precious metal of *Charity*
Are the links between "Here" and "Hereafter."

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

SONNETS.

FAITH.

A SEED soft-winged with plumes of purest white,
Its soft wings seem but vainly to expand,
For, like a plaything, by an urchin band
Of airs 'tis ever baffled in its flight
And held unshaded to a mid sun's bright
Unsparing flame, till, shrunken, shrivelled, fanned
By winds exultant to a sterile strand,
And wrapped by churlish waters from the sight.

I saw the seed in after time attain
A place of resting safe from former foil;
Nor was it many days that it had lain
Ere the nurse-bosom of the fertile soil
Upreared a leafy summit to sustain,
From heaven dropped, a lily crowning coil.

HOPE.

A stem, with leaves that intertwining lie
Asleep, within a lightless chamber rolled,
Till dreaming of the light, their arms unfold
And palms turn upward to the love-lit sky:—

A stem with limbs still spreading broad and high,
Not fearing, tho' while many years are told
Its finger-tips but green leaves only hold,
But yet 'twill clasp a blossom ere it die.

I saw the stem in after time so hid,—
So decked with piles of petalled perfectness
With perfume ineffaceable, that 'mid
The grosser stalks of petty floweriness
Its bloom in every quality outdid
As tho' it blossomed in a wilderness.

CHARITY.

A flower not too gaudy or too gay,
Curve-lined and colour-tinted, every part,
Beyond the vulgar paraphrase of art;
By youth but trampled in its thoughtless play,
By age unseen by light of waning day;
Yet pause the body-sore, the sick at heart,
The lonely, set by poverty apart,
To pluck a petal, thankless, on their way.

I saw the bloom in after time, afar
From Earthly taint and tanglement withdrawn,—
The angels' favourite bud—the morning star
Transform, expand, and blossom into dawn—
Sweet light-life essence, as Heaven blessings are,
Without or prejudice or price or pawn.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE blind by a precipice safely is led,
Not knowing what dangers there be,
Yet, losing the safety and finding the dread,
Would walk by it single and see.

When the face of the dreamer from phantasies sweet
The smile of awakening assumes,
'Tis as when at the solving of moonlight deceit
The grace of a dawning illumes.

Fair is the fruit, and we fail to discern,—
The warner he warneth in vain,
How can we know, till we eat and we learn,
The knowledge that Knowledge is Pain.

The moth that seems foolish in facing its doom
In the flame may be guided aright,
And better than living for ever in gloom
Be to die in the centre of light!

WITH EYELIDS CLOSED—REST.
WITH OPEN EYES—UNREST.

(Rondeaus.)

With eyelids closed the infant lies,
And oft th' angelic smile implies
That all the landscape of its dream
Is mellowed o'er with such a beam
As lit a late left Paradise.

Sleep-feathered, far thro' dreamland skies
Oft, like the albatross, he flies
And hovers o'er life's troubled stream
With eyelids closed.

His peaceful presence when he dies
The hatefulness of death denies,
And, radiant, seems—unless we deem
The things but false that truest seem—
An angel scarcely in disguise,
With eyelids closed.

* * * *

With open eyes his longing glance,
Unsatisfied, looks in advance
Of new, yet now neglected, toys ;
Then pall his boyish schoolday joys
In view of manhood's fair expanse.

Time-worn, with wearied look askance
He marks the evening village dance,
All night regrets the school and boys
With open eyes.

His longing looks that living grants
With stolid look death but supplants,
Its weapon that all else destroys
It vainly 'gainst that look employs,—
That stolid look of sufferance
With open eyes.

MY HOPE.

When that thine enemies did spend their might
In cruel blows thy being to efface,
Did I protecting arms around thee place,
Thinking to shield an angel from their spite:
Now may they do as seemeth to them right,
And I, I too have lost of shame all trace
To strike the seeming-meek, the false-meek face
I hold to be a demon's and I smite.

In vain, thy constant calm look on me turning
From every side, thou dost outbrave mine eye,
A patient courage in thy clear eyes burning
Too steadfastly for doubting to defy,
Oh, triple proof against all strokes and spurning
My Angel, Demon Hope, canst thou not die!

LIFE'S LABOUR-LIGHTS.

THERE are that speak in slighting tones
  Of Trust, Devotion, Love, and such,
And call them but ideal things
  Not meaning much ;

And value only vital force
  O'ercoming what's intractable,
And weapons, implements, and all
  That's tangible ;

To such I say, to better tends
  The seeming curse of Adam's race
Than bartering for selfish gain
  Their sweat of face ;

There's yet a higher work for man
  As well as turning stones to bread,
"Man shall not live by bread alone"
  The Saviour said ;

The drops that stand upon the brow
  When hands contend with thorn and weed
Are pearls to him who works to give
  To them that need ;

The leader of an arméd band
  Is less a hero in the fight
Than when in council he contends
  His cause is right;

The sparse indenture at its base,
  With meaning but a hard-read myth,
Is valued more than all the whole
  High monolith,

Its founder's purpose and intent,
  Its end and object never known,
Its outer form remains a dull
  Material stone.

Unless the outer work of life
  By light of Love, Devotion, Trust
Be wrought, t is as tho' a dead
  Hand wrote in dust.

WAS, AND TO BE.

Oh few but nourish some regret
They wilfully look back upon,
Its pain so fascinates they fail
To wish it gone :

A page where pain results in good,
And good so groweth out of grief
We fain would linger, and delay
To turn the leaf.

Oh few but build some rainbow hope
High arching over tainting clay,
Tho' sure that in a mist of tears
'Twill fall away.

A phantom promise unfulfilled,
Like bubbles where light essence glints
And shows, the moments ere they break,
Most gorgeous tints.

Oh few would lose from out of life
The good that's past, the good to come,
For present good would yield in tot
A trivial sum.

The pleasures scanned by mountaineers
  Of peace vales left, and those before,
Haze-hid, the rocks around their feet
  Seem rugged more.

The perfume of some rose that was,
  The tinting of some rose to be,
Have charms we find not in the bloom
  We scent and see.

LONGING.

A SOMETHING with me wanders out,
  A something with me home returns,
It leaves me not at at any tide
  But laps and burns

Around my heart, a lingering flame
  That oftentimes with lurid glow
So shines to shape but shadows weird,
  I pray 'twill go.

Anon 'twill flush to fairer light,
  And so illume my forward way
It seems a guide and blessing sent,
  I pray 'twill stay.

This flame of longing in my breast
For something kept for aye apart
For aught I know is wisely lit
To cleanse my heart.

Tho' seemingly consumed by woe
It only can destroy the ill,
Among the embers after find,
And purer still

The human metal, seeming less,
But firm and fair and free from stain,
The less was dross, how slow we see
Its loss a gain:

But I had thought that furnace heat
Of purifying grief ere now
Had thinned the iron mask of pride
From off my brow,

And scorched upon my being's core
The letters of "humility";
Perhaps that thought some want of it
Betrayed in me;

Perhaps I'm but the dupe of pride
To have misread my lesson so
As e'en to hope my sun might sink
With gilding glow.

The scorpion briars, tangled-tailed,
With cruel inclination cling
Around the feet and tease with oft
Repeated sting;

Yet courteously on higher boughs
Convenient for the hand dispose
The modest coyly clustering blooms
Of sweet wild rose.

'Tis so with most, but, if with me
The rule of compensation fail,
Has moulded more than common clay
The right to rail!

WIDOWHOOD.

(A Rondel.)

'That woful wail, that moaning sigh,
'That swaying of branches against the sky
'As if with a grief that cannot die;
'Oh Mother, they seem like a boding cry,

'And shadows of dusky wings that fly
'Thro' a gloom in the years that before me lie,—
'That woful wail, that moaning sigh,
'That swaying of branches against the sky.'

'My child' said the widow, with tear dim eye,
'All may be well with thee by and by,
'Come let thy head on my bosom lie.'
But there seemed nearer, she now knew why,
That woful wail, that moaning sigh,
That swaying of branches against the sky.

OLD AGE.

No more may woman round me softly twine
With arms that sweet imprisonments devise,
Hold up a face of ecstacy to mine,
And look her love intently to mine eyes.

A mist is closing o'er the time that was,
And slowly, surely dims its pleasant light,
Till groping age no ray consoling draws
To cheer its footsteps thro' the coming night.

As friendly visitation to a jail
The prisoner's sombre peace alone disturbs,
So grieves the soul that nothing can avail,
In looking back, to foil its cruel curbs.

How soon the years of love and life are told,
When love and life grow silent to the old.

LAST YEAR'S NEST.

"NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE ANTAÑO."
(*Spanish Proverb.*

"THERE are no birds in last year's nest"
Is but a halting truth at best;
And well I ween 'twill be confest
Its desertness seems not so lone
If by its emptiness is known
The safety of a brood that's flown.

And saddest thoughts will most arise
When last year's nest not empty lies
As one that lately met mine eyes,
Where four little skeletons neatly lay
Just as they nestled on that Summer day
When the mother bird last had flown away.

As last they had chirp'd for succour in vain
Succour from burning hunger pain,
Succour from chill of the dripping rain.
There, as when last the shadowy leaf
Over them stirred and awaked the belief
That their mother's returning wings brought them relief.

One by one as each grew weak,
Each one lay with its gaping beak,
As if even in death it would succour seek,
As if death from life were no release,
And that life's unsatisfied longings should cease
Not even in death where we look for peace.

Still might be seen by the slanting light
Faint plumage colours that once were bright,
Yellow and purple green and white ;
And even now as I'm bending near
The sun on their feathers makes sheen appear
Like gloss on plumes that wave on a bier.

And round them and in them and under each limb,
As tho' they were claiming a brotherhood grim,
Dead leaves have filled the nest full to the brim.
Did so eager hope and so earnest will
Only a nest with dead things fill
So awfully silent so awfully still ?

I turn my gaze to the far away skies,
And in every new teardrop that fills mine eyes
Multiplied visions of nests arise—
Nests that were built in a past summer time,
Mostly in honeyed leaf Maple or Lime,
Mostly in reach without needing to climb.

Built in a week or a day or an hour,
Such is the vigour of Summertime pow'r,

Ere the Sun darkens and winter clouds low'r,
Once in each fed I gapings four
Of four little fledglings that gape as of yore,
Terribly gape but I feed them no more.

Once their life-vigour flutterings flattered my view
With promise of colourful dazzling hue
In that plumage as yet all unsullied and new;
Oh, if they had feathered and flown away
I were not so lonely and sad to-day,
For each May has its nest and each year has its May.

Ah if empty nest were not idle tale
No need were there then for the weak to wail,
No need for the strong heart's courage to fail;
For, tho' last year's nest has no live bird 'tis true,
Yet each might be strong if each one knew
That the old nests were empty of skeletons too.

CLOUDS ARE LOW.

Cloud and blue,
Light and shadow, meet mine eye
As I lie with face turned upward
Gazing on the changeful sky.

Now 'tis blue,
And the soul on wings of hope
Floateth up with downy lightness,
Soaring towards its stintless scope.

Now 'tis cloud,
And athwart the darkened air
Sinks to earth the soul, with plumage
Damp and heavy with despair.

Dark and light,
As I see them alternate
I can read some words of courage
For the soul disconsolate.

Clouds are low,
And their shadows Earthward fall,
When you reach the space beyond them
You can see them not at all.

Gloom and shade,
Only haunts this place of tombs,
There is yet another region
That a shadeless light illumes.

Far beyond,
Clouds of sin and pain and death
Lies a land of peace and healing
For the soul that sorroweth.

THE NEW YEAR.

"When is the New Year?"
Still is the sad unsatisfied cry
Of all humanity
For the Springs and the Summers go by
And the New Years are vanity
And the glooms of the Winters fall
And again there are griefs to recall
And again we cry
As the year goes by
"When is the New Year?"

When the dusk of dawn and the dusk of eve
But small space leave,
A narrow day
Of gloom and grey
Then we say
"Cometh the New Year."

But not till the bars of night
Have met and crossed
And life and light
Seem shut out quite
And the World seems lost
Cometh that New Year.

Of sun and summer bloom
That shall not end in gloom
When the beauties of Faith at last are shown
In the buds of Hope to flower full blown,
And the fruit is ripe of the heart's desire
And we long no more, nor more enquire
"When is the New Year?"

EVENING.

Calm Eve and Fall of night,
  Thou nurse to humble thought
  With passing sweetness fraught,
I bow me to thy might!
I did not that I ought,
  I seldom walked aright,
  Dim was my human sight,
Who 's he that errs in naught!

To those I leave behind
  I care not now to say
  More than, I pardon pray
For when I've been unkind.
Those passed from Earth away,
  Yet not from out my mind,
  I long to go and find,
More than I long to stay.

They are not passed to night,
  Why should I ceaseless weep,
  Or endless vigils keep
For those that dwell in light,
With them in sorrow deep,
  With them at pleasure's height
  With them passed out of sight,
I 'll sleep with them that sleep.

My daily task is done,
I lay my head to rest,
As pausing in the west
Slow sinks the setting sun.
Prayer prayed and sin confessed,
Now that my race is run
And welcome leisure won,
Sleep, sleep is best.

WITH A CREW OF THREE.

In the pleasant Springtime
Silver ripples play,
Weaving wreaths of welcome
On my water way,
In the pleasant Springtime
With a crew of three
Down the river floating,
Sailing to the sea.

Charity, to windward,
By the rudder stands;
Faith belays the main sheet
Giving her commands;
Hope is looking forward,—
Safely I shall be
Down the river floating,
Sailing to the sea.

Murmurs soon are sighing,
Whispering despair—
Woful words of warning
Weirdly thro' the air
Murmurs soon are sighing,
What are they to me
Down the river floating,
Sailing to the sea.

"Sullenly the clouds frown,
Darkening the sky,
Soon must all its blue be
Hidden from thine eye;"
Sullenly the clouds frown,
What are they to me
Down the river floating,
Sailing to the sea.

"Bands of billow demons
Wrathfully arise,
Rudely rail around thee
Deafen with their cries;'
Bands of billow demons,
What are they to me
Down the river floating,
Sailing to the sea.

"Voices of the rapids,
Eager for a prey,
Join in exultation
Right across thy way;"

Voices of the rapids,
What are they to me
Down the river floating,
Sailing to the sea.

Cease thou dismal crier,
Dangers may befall,
Yet a power higher
Over-ruleth all ;
Cease thou dismal crier,
What art thou to me
Floating down the stream of Time
To Eternity.

BILLOWS.

We are as waves upon the tide of Time,
  Most lowly drift,
  While few may lift
And tower to heights sublime,
  Whose pride of crest
  When mostly foam is showiest;

But, as for that shore they make,
  Whereon to break
  Time rolls eternally,
Alike all, harassed, tossed
  By driving winds of destiny,
Grow level, imperceptible, and lost.

Types of our lives, our graves
  Billowy, deep-grassed,
Outliving us, like waves
  Level at last.

RESURGAM.

'Tis well that in Spring the leaves should grow,
'Tis well that in Summer the blooms should blow
And the maiden Earth by the Sun be crowned
With Hope and Joy in a chaplet wound ;
But when the hope sheen on the leaves grows dull,
And the blossoms of Joy less beautiful,
'Tis well that in Autumn they both should fall,
'Tis well that the Winter should close on all ;
For then will a fairer foliage spread,
Rewove from the leaves that are seeming dead,
And the faded flowers of the Autumn day
Relive in the blooms of a coming May.

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